HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO
THE HAUNT OF
FEAR
R
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
NO. 28
DEC.
10¢
FEATURING...
THE OLD WITCH
THE VAULT-KEEPER
THE CRYPT-KEEPER

# IN MEMORIAM

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|---|---|---|
| TALES FROM THE CRYPT: | Born January 1950 | Died November 1954 |
| THE VAULT OF HORROR: | Born February 1950 | Died October 1954 |
| THE HAUNT OF FEAR: | Born February 1950 | Died October 1954 |
| CRIME SUSPENSTORIES: | Born August 1950 | Died October 1954 |
| SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES: | Born December 1951 | Died September 1954 |

You may never read this magazine. For that matter, this magazine may never be printed. If it *is* printed, it may never be distributed. If it *is* distributed, it may be kept in a bundle behind the counter and never see the light of day. But if, through some miracle, it *does* reach the newsstand, this will probably be the last issue of this magazine you will ever read.

As a result of the hysterical, injudicious, and unfounded charges leveled at crime and horror comics, many retailers and wholesalers throughout the country have been intimidated into refusing to handle this type of magazine.

Although we at E.C. still believe, as we have in the past, that the charges against horror and crime comics are utter nonsense, there's no point in going into a defense of this kind of literature at the present time. Economically our situation is acute. Magazines that do not get onto the newsstands do not sell. We are forced to capitulate. *We give up.* WE'VE HAD IT!

Naturally, with comic magazine censorship now a fact, we at E.C. look forward to an immediate drop in the crime and juvenile delinquency rate of the United States. We trust there will be fewer robberies, fewer murders, and fewer rapes!

We would like to say in passing: . . . passing away, that is! . . . that if you have enjoyed reading E.C.'s horror and crime efforts over the past five years half as much as we have truly enjoyed creating them for you, then our labors of love have not been in vain.

But enough mush! This is not only an obituary notice; it is also a birth announcement!

BOY . . . WHAT WE GOT IN STORE FOR YOU! (Ya didn't think E.C. was gonna die with the books, did ya? We got talent we ain't even used yet!)

E.C. is planning the NEW NEW TREND. In January of 1955, we hit! In fact, we hit with five (5) sensational new titles. They won't be horror magazines . . . they won't be crime magazines! They'll be utterly new and different—but in the old reliable E.C. tradition! Naturally, we can't tell you what they'll be YET . . . we can feel the hot breath of our floundering competitors who followed us into horror on our necks. When the mags are ready to go, they'll be announced in MAD, PANIC, WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY, PIRACY, and TWO-FISTED TALES!

We feel it's gonna be a HAPPY NEW YEAR with our NEW NEW TREND!

Your grateful editors

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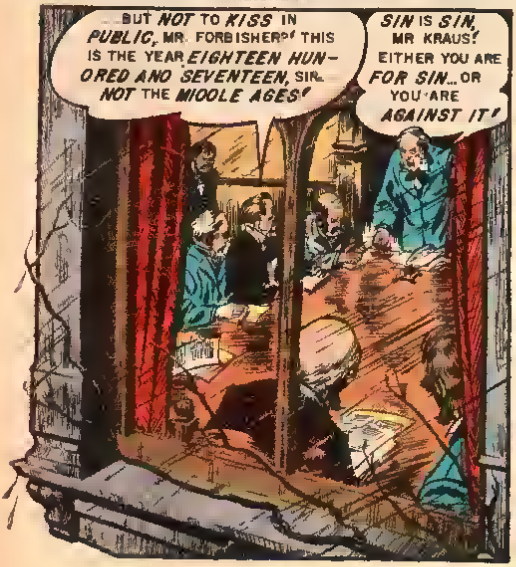
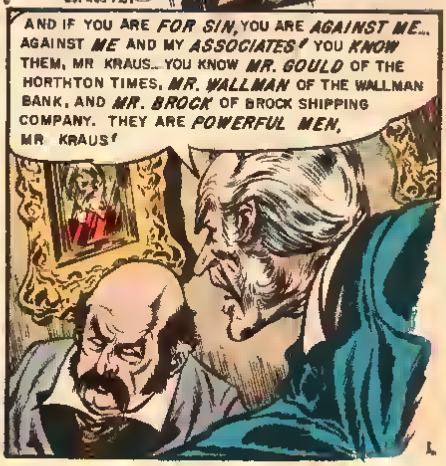
# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

*HEE, HEE!* SO, *WHY* AM I *CACKLING?* THIS WILL PROBABLY BE THE *LAST ISSUE* OF MY PUTRID PERIODICAL AND I'M *CACKLING?* I SHOULD BE *CRYING!* THE SAD DETAILS ARE IN MY IDIOT EDITORS' COLUMN OPPOSITE THIS PAGE ON THE INSIDE FRONT COVER. AS FOR NOW, WELL... PULL UP A TOADSTOOL AND *SQUAT, TOT,* AND YOUR *SHIVER-CHEF, THE OLD WITCH,* WILL DELVE INTO THE DOLEFUL DETAILS OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A BLUE-NOSED REFORMER AND SERVE UP THE *HAUNT OF FEAR* SPECIAL I CALL ..

## The Prude

ON A TYPICAL, RAINY, BLUSTERY, MISERABLE MARCH DAY IN THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY, A TYPICAL GROUP OF ELECTED OFFICIALS SAT IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER OF THE MEETING HALL OF A TYPICAL EARLY AMERICAN TOWN CALLED NORTHTON, CRINGING BEHIND THEIR LONG POLISHED TABLE AND WINCING AT THE THUNDERING WORDS OF CITIZEN WARREN FORBISHER..





MR. GEORGE KRAUS ROSE SLOWLY, DREW HIMSELF UP TO HIS FULL FIVE FEET SIX AND CALMLY STARED BACK INTO WARREN FORBISHER'S COLD, GREY EYES...

SIR, THIS COUNCIL WAS ELECTED BY *ALL* OF THE PEOPLE OF NORTHTON... *NOT* BY *YOU* AND YOUR *ASSOCIATES!* I DO NOT KNOW HOW THE *OTHER* COUNCIL MEMBERS FEEL, BUT *I WILL NOT BE COERCED.* I WILL VOTE *AGAINST* THIS ABSURD LAW...

FORBISHER, THE SELF-APPOINTED GUARDIAN OF PUBLIC MORALS... THE PILLAR OF SOCIETY... THE RIGHTEOUS JUDGE OF ALL... STAGGERED AT KRAUS'S REBUFF, FLUSHED DEEP RED, AND CHOKED OUT AN INDIGNANT REPLY...

I SHALL *SEE* TO IT, MR. KRAUS, THAT THE *PEOPLE* OF NORTHTON ARE *INFORMED* OF YOUR *OPPOSITION TO DECENCY* GOOD DAY, GENTLEMEN...

WARREN FORBISHER STORMED FROM THE TOWN HALL AND CROSSED TO THE OFFICE OF THE NORTHTON TIMES...

GOULD, I WANT YOUR PAPER TO START A *CAMPAIGN* AGAINST *GEORGE KRAUS!* TELL YOUR READERS HOW HE IS *AGAINST MY EFFORTS* TO *HALT THE MORAL DECAY* OF THIS TOWN. LAY IT ON *THICK, GOULD*

BUT WARREN FORBISHER MET SUDDEN AND UNEXPECTED OPPOSITION FROM ONE OF HIS OWN SUPPORTERS...

*SORRY,* FORBISHER. THAT WOULDN'T BE *TRUE!* AFTER ALL, COUNCILMAN KRAUS *DID* SUPPORT YOUR REQUEST FOR THE *DEATH PENALTY* FOR *ADULTERY.* HE *DID* SUPPORT THE *REST* OF YOUR REFORMS NOW THAT HE THINKS YOU'RE GOING *TOO FAR,* HE'S *STOPPED!* AND *I AGREE!*

YOU *AGREE?*

*YES!* I SINCERELY *THOUGHT* YOU WANTED TO DO *GOOD* FOR OUR TOWN. I SEE *NOW* THAT YOU'VE BECOME *NOTHING MORE THAN A PETTY TYRANT!* LAWS LIKE *YOURS* CAN GO *TOO FAR.* THEY CAN REACH A POINT OF *RIDICULOUSNESS.* NO, FORBISHER, I'M *NOT GOING TO GO ALONG WITH YOU* AND *BLACKEN* AN *HONEST MAN'S NAME.* I WON'T SACRIFICE THE *INTEGRITY* OF *MY PAPER!*

YOU'LL BE *SORRY,* GOULD! I'LL *BREAK* YOU AND YOUR YELLOW RAG. I'LL BREAK *KRAUS!* I STAND FOR *GOOD* AND *GOOD* MEANS *POWER*

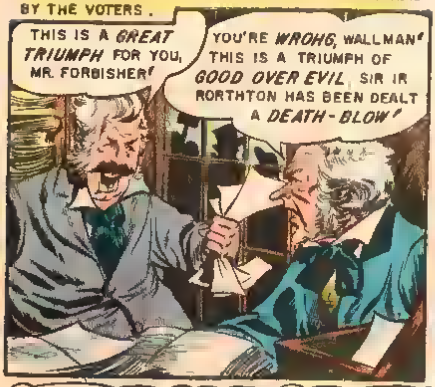
AND SO, BECAUSE HE WAS FOR GOOD, AND BECAUSE HE WAS POWERFUL, THE PEOPLE OF NORTHTON LISTENED TO WARREN FORBISHER WHEN HE SPOKE AT THE NEXT TOWN MEETING...

*KISSING* IN *PUBLIC* MAY BE A *SMALL* MATTER, WORTHY OF NO MORE THAN A *FEW DAYS* IN *PILLORY*... BUT IF COUNCILMAN KRAUS *OPPOSES* SO *SMALL* A REFORM, DOESN'T IT *FOLLOW* THAT HE WILL *SET OUT TO DESTROY EVERY IMPORTANT REFORM* WE HAVE *ACHIEVED* TO *PROTECT* THIS TOWN'S *DECENT* PEOPLE!

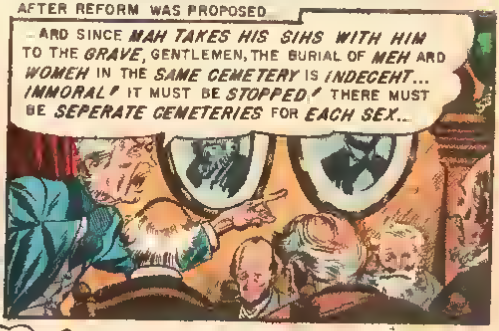
HE HARANGUED HIS LISTENERS. HE RANTED. HE SPOKE IN A QUAVERING VOICE, CHOKED WITH EMOTION...

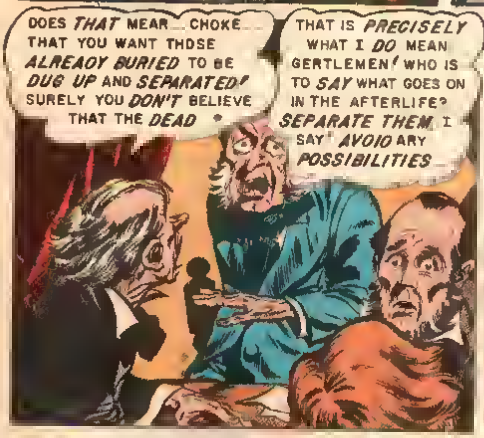
*YOU MEN WITH DAUGHTERS.* YES, EVEN YOUR *WIVES*... DO YOU WANT THEM *EXPOSED* TO THE *LECHERS* OF THIS TOWN... TO THE... I WON'T USE THE *WORD* IN *MIXED COMPANY!* I *BEG* YOU, THEN... *THROW OUT* THIS COUNCILMAN... THIS *KRAUS*... WHO IS *THREATENING* THE *MORALITY* OF OUR *BELOVED TOWN!*

THE PEOPLE CHEERED THEMSELVES HOARSE, AND COME ELECTION TIME, GEORGE KRAUS WAS RECALLED BY THE VOTERS.




WITH THE PEOPLE'S MANDATE, WARREN FORBISHER SURGED AHEAD IN HIS CAMPAIGN AGAIRST SIR IN HIS HOME TOWR. KISSING IN PUBLIC WAS OUTLAWED. THER, HOLDING HANDS. THEN, COUPLES ALONE WITHOUT A CHAPERONE. THE HELPLESS COUNCIL WEAKLY NODDED APPROVAL AS REFORM AFTER REFORM WAS PROPOSED.




GOULD'S PREDICTION HAD COME TRUE! THE ANTI-IMMORALITY CAMPAIGN HAD REACHED THE POINT OF RIDICULOUSNESS! THE "SEPERATE CEMETERY LAW" WAS PASSED. WORKMEN, PERSONALLY DIRECTED BY WARREN FORBISHER, OPERED EVERY WOMAR'S GRAVE

REMOVED HER COFFIR AND GRAVESTONE

ARD BURIED THE LADIES "DECENTLY" IR THEIR NEW CEMETERY ACRDSS THE ROAD

AFTER THAT, ALL THOSE THAT DIED WERE BURIED IR THEIR RESPECTIVE CEMETERIES. AND OFTER WARREN FORBISHER VISITED THE TWO GRAVEYARDS TO MAKE SURE THE LAW WAS BEING OBSERVED. HOWEVER, ON ONE OF HIS VISITS, WHAT HE SAW TURNED HIM LIVID WITH RAGE...

WHO'S *RESPONSIBLE* FOR THIS? THIS IS A *WOMAN'S* GRAVESTORE ..A *WOMAN'S* GRAVE ..BESIOE HER *NUSBANO'S!* ARO HERE'S *ANOTHER* ARO *ANOTHER!* ALL *FRESNLY* DUG...

CAN'T BLAME *ME,* MR FORBISHER!

OLD SETH HOSKIRS, THE CEMETERY CARETAKER, SHRUGGED..

THEY *WON'T* STAY *SEPARATED!* THE WOMER *GET UP,* TAKES THEIR *STONES,* COMES *'CROSS THE ROAO,* ARO GET *INTO* THEIR *GRAVES* BESIOES THEIR *MEN. I CAN'T STOP 'EM!*

THAT'S...THAT'S... CHOKE... *IMPOSSIBLE!* THEY'RE *OEAO!* THE *OEAO* CAR'T *MOVE* BY *THEMSELVES!*

SETH HOSKIRS DNAGGED AT HIS PIPE THOUGHTFULLY..

IF THE OEAO CAR'T *MOVE,* WHY'D WE *SEPARATE* 'EM IN THE *FUST* PLACE?

THAT'S NOT FOR *YOU* TO *QUESTION* ANO IF THIS IS SOME SORT OF *JOKE,* HOSKINS... WELL, I'LL HOLD YOU *RESPONSIBLE* TO SEE THAT THEY *ARE* SEPARATED AGAIN ARO *STAY* SEPANATED!

MR FORBISHER CROSSED THE ROAO TO EXAMINE THE EMPTY GRAVES WHERE THE WOMEN THAT HAO "RETURNED" HAO BEER BURIED. ANO THEN HE SAW THE ONE GRAVE-STORE STILL STANDING

LAURA LAURA ADAMS..

THE PASSED YEANS ROLLEO AWAY BEFORE WARREN FORBISHER'S MIRO' EYE. HE SAW HIMBELF AS HE WAS AT THIRTY-TWO HE AND LAURA ADAMS

WARRER, I CAR'T *STANO* IT ARY-MORE! I WART TO BE *WITH* YOU *ALWAYS.* I WANT TO BE YOUR *WIFE!*

I'VE TOLD YOU A *NUNOREO TIMES,* LAURA I *CAN'T* DIVORCE HER. I HAVE MY *FUTURE* TO THINK OF. A *SCANOAL* WOULO *RUIN* ME!

HE REMEMBERED IT ALL SO CLEARLY ,THAT AWFUL DAY THAT WAS THE FIRAL CURTAIR TO HIS *OWN SIN*... HIS *OWN INOISCRETION*...

WHAT ABOUT *ME,* WANNER? I *LOVE* YOU. I'M NOT *SATISFIED* SHARIRG YOU WITH ANYORE ARO WHAT ABOUT *MY* FUTURE? DON'T YOU THINK I WANT TO BE ABLE TO HOLD *MY* HEAO UP WHER I WALK AMONG *OTNER WOMEN?*

ROBODY *KNOWS* ABOUT *US,* LAUNA *BE SENSIBLE!* WE'LL GO ON AS WE *NAVE* BEER, OR *NOT AT ALL*

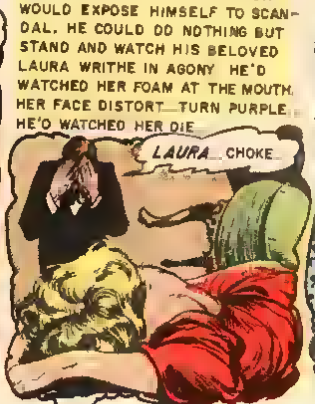
HE NEMEMBENED NOW LAURA POOR SWEET LAURA HAO STARED AT HIM FOR A LONG MOMENT, THEN TURNEO TO HER OESK, ANO OREW OUT THE VIAL ..HER EYES SHIMMERING WITH TEARS ..

THIS IS *POISON,* WARRER. NOW I FOR THE *LAST TIME.* WILL YOU *OIVORCE* HER AND *MARRY ME?*

DON'T BE A *FOOL,* LAURA. *YOU CAN'T BLUFF ME!*

HE REMEMBERED HOW LAURA D PUT THE VIAL TO HER LIPS, TOSSED BACK HER HEAD, AND EMPTIED ITS CONTENTS DOWN HER THROAT.

HE'D RUSHED TO HER SIDE—TOO LATE. WITH HORROR, HE'D REALIZED THAT TO CALL A DOCTOR WOULD EXPOSE HIMSELF TO SCANDAL. HE COULD DO NOTHING BUT STAND AND WATCH HIS BELOVED LAURA WRITHE IN AGONY. HE'D WATCHED HER FOAM AT THE MOUTH, HER FACE DISTORT—TURN PURPLE. HE'D WATCHED HER DIE.

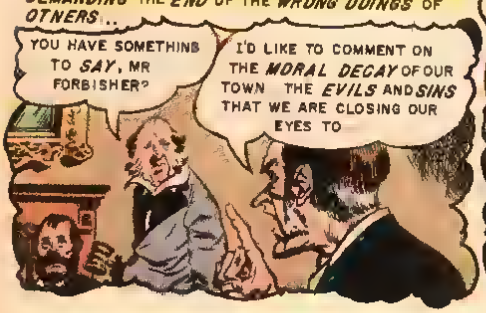



AND THEN HE'D CREPT FROM HER HOUSE IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT AND LEFT HER LYING ON THE FLOOR.

HE'D NOT BEEN ABLE TO SLEEP FOR WEEKS AFTERWARD. HE'D BEEN TORTURED WITH GUILT. TORTURED WITH THE VISION OF HER GROTESQUELY TWISTED PURPLE FACE.

HE'D *KNOWN* HE'D *SINNED!* AND SO, AT FIRST, HE'D PUNISHED *HIMSELF!* HE'D TOUCHED NO LIQUOR—NO WINE. HE'D PERMITTED HIMSELF NO THOUGHT OF OTHER WOMEN... NOT EVEN HIS OWN WIFE.

HE'D FINALLY FOUND *ESCAPE* FROM *HIS OWN GUILT* BY CONVINCING HIMSELF THAT FATE HAD *DRIVEN* HIM TO SIN SO THAT HE MIGHT KNOW ITS *TORMENT* AND THUS SAVE *OTHERS*. HE'D SUBCONSCIOUSLY SET ABOUT *RIGHTING* HIS *OWN WRONGS* BY *EXPOSING* AND *DEMANDING* THE *END* OF THE *WRONG DOINGS* OF *OTHERS*...




HE'D BEGUN SPEAKING AT TOWN MEETINGS—DEMANDING REFORMS—DEMANDING THE END OF SIN...THEREBY ERASING HIS OWN.

THE "GOOD" FOLKS OF NORTHTON.. THOSE WITH THEIR *OWN* SECRET HIDDEN GUILTS — HAD RALLIED TO FORBISHER — SWALLOWED HIS WORDS. DEMANDED TO HAVE HIS EVERY SUGGESTED REFORM MADE INTO LAW. HE'D BECOME NORTHTON'S SYMBOL OF RIGHTEOUSNESS AND GOODNESS. HE'D BECOME NORTHTON'S POWER...

THERE'S ONLY *ONE SURE CURE* FOR *THAT* KIND OF *MORAL CRIME. DEATH!*

WE'NE *WITH* YOU, FORGISHER..

AND WHO IS TO SAY THAT THE PRESENCE OF LAURA ADAMS' BODY IN THE TOWN CEMETERY WAS NOT THE SUBCONSCIOUS INSPIRATION FOR FORGISHER'S DEMAND FOR "SEPARATE GRAVEYARDS"? HIS INSPECTION VISITS, SURELY AT LEAST, HAD GIVEN HIM A CHANCE TO COMMUNE WITH HER...

*SEE*, LAURA — MUCH *GOOD* HAS COME FNDM YOUR DEATH. YOU DID *NOT* DIE *IN VAIN*. I HAVE *LEARNED* FNOM IT AND I AM *TEACHING* DTHERS

SO WARREN FONBISHER SMILED DOWN AT THE GRAVESTONE THAT HAD NOT BEEN MOVED AND HE THOUGHT ABOUT THE MISTAKES OF HIS PAST AND HOW HE'D MORE THAN MADE UP FOR THEM...

*HOSKINS!* YOU MOVE *EVERY WOMAN'S COFFIN BACK NERE* AND IF THIS HAPPENS *AGAIN*, I'LL HAVE YOU *THROWN IN PRISON!*

SO THE WOMEN'S COFFINS WENE AGAIN UPROOTED AND TRANSFERRED ACROSS THE ROAD IN THEIN OWN GRAVEYARD ALONG WITH THEIR GRAVESTONES AND WARREN FORBISHER WAS SATISFIED. BUT THEN, THE NEXT TIME HE *CAME* TO INSPECT

*GODD LORD! HOSKINS!*

HOSKING, I *WARNED* YOU WHAT WOULD *HAPPEN* IF YOU *DID TNIS AGAIN...*

AND *I* TOLD YOU *I'M NOT DDIN' IT!* YOU *CAN'T* STOP *HUSBANDS* AND *WIVES* AND *SWEETHEARTS* FROM *BEIN' TOGETHER* AFTER THEY'NE *DEAD*, MR FORBISHER!

*DON'T* TRY TO FOOL *ME*, HOSKINS! EITHER THE *FAMILIES* OF THE DEAD *ARE* DOING IT, OR *YOU'RE* DOING IT *FOR* THEM. I WON'T *HAVE* IT! THIS IS MY *LAST WARNING!* TRANSFER THOSE BODIES *BACK* AND PUT A *STOP* TO THIS NONSENSE!

Y-YES, SIR!

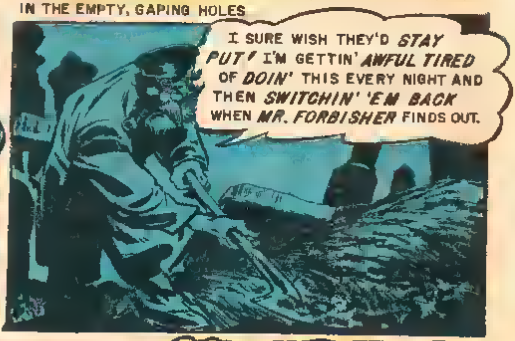
BUT THAT NIGHT, SUSPICIOUS OF THE OLD CARETAKER AND ANXIOUS TO TRAP HIM IN THE ACT, WARNEN FORGISHER RETURNED TO THE CEMETENIES...

THERE HE IS — SITTING ON THAT BOX! HE'S GOT A *SPADE!* NOW HE'S LIGHTING A *PIPE. VILE NABIT SMOKING!* MUST PUT A *STOP* TO IT—

SUDDENLY WARREN FORBISHER BECAME CONSCIOUS OF MOVEMENT ALL AROUND HIM. THE BRIGHT MOONLIGHT SHONE ON THE STRUGGLING FORMS THE ROTTING CORPSES OF MEN AND WOMEN DIGGING THEIR WAY INTO THE NIGHT AIR LABORING WITH HEAVY GRAVESTONES . RETURNING TO THE SIDES OF THEIR MATES. FORBISHER SCREAMED AND RUSHED TOWARD THEM, WAVING HIS ARMS...

AND THEN WARREN STOPPED AMID THE "SINNING" TABLEAU ...FOR SUDDENLY HE SAW THE MOULDY, MAGGOT-INFESTED, ROTTING CORPSE OF LAURA ADAMS COME FROM HER GRAVE AND STUMBLE TOWARD HIM

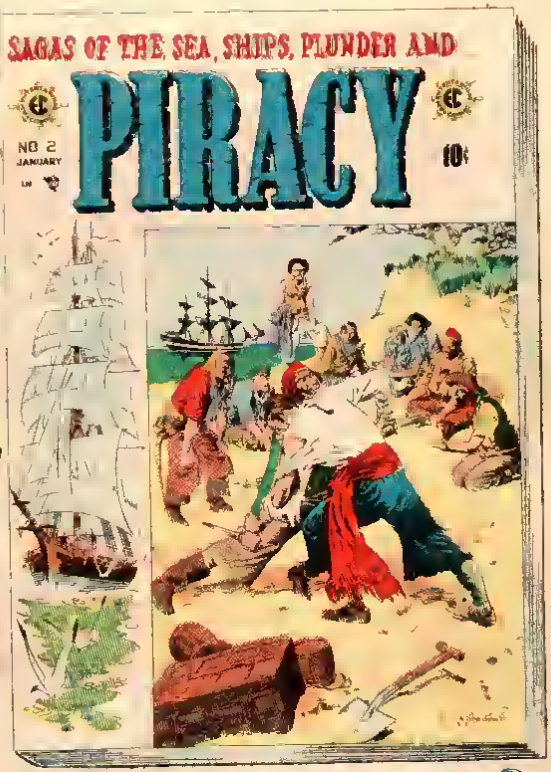
SETH HOSKINS WAITED UNTIL THE TREMORS AND THE SCRAPING AND THE DIGGING HAD DIED AWAY AND SILENCE HAD ONCE AGAIN DESCENDED UPON THE GRAVEYARDS. THEN HE PICKED UP HIS SPADE, SHRUGGED, AND BEGAN FILLING IN THE EMPTY, GAPING HOLES




WHEN OLD SETH HOSKINS CAME TO LAURA ADAMS' GRAVE AND LOOKED DOWN INTO THE MOONLIT-ILLUMINATED PIT, HE BLUSHED TO THE ROOTS OF HIS SPARSE GREY HAIR AND HE SHOOK HIS HEAD AND HE GRINNED AT WHAT HE SAW...

HEE, HEE! WELL, THAT'S THE OPEN-ING TERROR-TUNE FOR THIS BRAWL, KIDDIES. LURA FINALLY DRAGGED WARREN DOWN WITH HER AND THEY ROTTED TOGETHER HAPPILY EVER AFTER. NOW THE VAULT-KEEPER AWAITS WITH HIS MORBID-MELODY. I'LL BE BACK LATER WITH ANOTHER ODIOUS ORCHESTRATION IN THE MEANTIME, DON'T BREAK ANY SATURDAY NIGHT DATES, NECKS, THAT IS! 'BYE...

# WE KNOW YOU'LL ENJOY THE LUSTY, SWASHBUCKLING ADVENTURES IN OUR NEW SEAGOING MAG! "PIRACY" IS A TREASURE CHEST OF SALTY SEA YARNS PRESENTED IN THE E.C. TRADITION!




SO SAIL DOWN TO YOUR *LOCAL NEWSSTAND*, MATES... DO A LITTLE *EXPLORING* THROUGH THE *REST OF THE BILGE*... AND *COMMANDEER* YOUR COPY. IF YOU'RE *NOT* THE OUTDOOR TYPE AND WOULD RATHER *IMPORT* "PIRACY", YOU CAN *SUBSCRIBE!* JUST FILL OUT THE COUPON AND SHIP OFF, TOGETHER WITH *ONE HUNDRED PIECES OF CENT* (THAT'S *ONE BUCK*, LANDLUBBERS!) TO:

THE SEASICK EDITORS OF
PIRACY
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

OKAY, YOU FO'C'SLE RATS! I'M SHANGHAIED! HERE'S $1.00 FOR THE NEXT EIGHT ISSUES OF *PIRACY!*

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE NO. _____

STATE _____

# THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEH, HEH! *HI*, HIDIOTS! THIS IS YOUR *VAULT-KEEPER* AGAIN, YOUR *NARRATOR* OF *NAUSEATING NOVELETTES*, INVITING YOU IN FOR SOME *REVOLTING REFRESHMENTS* IN *THE VAULT OF HORROR*. HELP YOURSELF TO ANY *BIER* IN THE *PLACE* WHILE I TELL YOU A *TENSE TALE OF TERROR* INVOLVING THE *SORDID SKULLDUGGERY* OF A *SAVAGE SADIST* NAMED *JONN CARVEL*, WHOSE EXPERIENCES IN THE AFRICAN JUNGLE WERE *OUT OF THIS VELDT!* IT'S A *YELP-YARN* IN *JONN'S OWN WORDS*. *HE* CALLS IT...

## NUMBSKULL

THIS IS THE SCENE I VIEW... MY DOMAIN. THIS IS MY REFUGE FROM THE EVIL WORLD OF THE MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL SAVAGE ANIMALS... *MAN*. THIS IS MY HOME... THIS DEEP, DARK AFRICAN JUNGLE... A SPACIOUS ROOM WALLED IN BY GIANT TROPICAL TREES WHOSE FOLIAGE FAR ABOVE MEET TO FORM A CATHEDRAL CEILING. THIS IS MY FINAL RETIRING-PLACE, FAR FROM MAN... AND BEING A MAN, AND KNOWING MAN, AND POSSESSING ALL OF THE TREACHERY AND CRUELTY OF MAN, I WAS FEARED BY MY SUBJECTS, ONCE... THE BEASTS OF THIS JUNGLE... YET, NOW, THEY'VE LEARNED NOT TO FEAR ME, BUT TO LIVE AND PLAY AND REAR THEIR YOUNG NEARBY, WHILE I SURVEY ALL WITH A BENEVOLENT SILENCE...

AS I LOOK OUT OVER MY HOME, I CAN SEE MY LIFE AS IT *USED* TO BE, WHEN I ROAMED THIS VERY JUNGLE GLADE WITH A MADDENING DESIRE TO *KILL*..

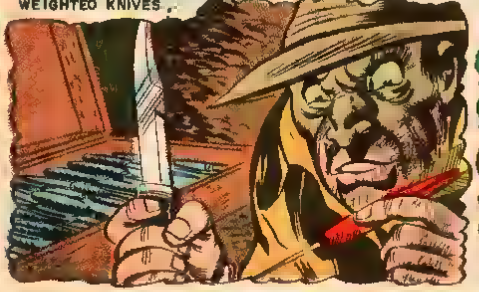
I SEE MY LIFE *THEN*..AS SELF-MADE MONARCH OF THIS JUNGLE.. WAITING BY MY TENT FOR THE *FRIGHTFUL SHRIEK* TO STILL THE CHATTERING DIN

AND WHEN IT *CAME*, I WOULD *SMILE IN ANTICIPATION* OF THE DELIGHTS THAT AWAITED ME.SNATCH UP MY RIFLE AND WOODEN CASE,AND DASH OFF TO *FIND* THE PIT THAT HELD MY LATEST VICTIM..

SWIFTLY, I WOULD HURRY FROM TRAP TO TRAP, A PLEASURABLE *TINGLE* COURSING THROUGH MY BODY, CULMINATING IN A WILD EXPLOSIVE *THRILL* WHEN I FINALLY *CAME* TO THE ONE THAT HELD MY PRISONER.

IT WOULD BE A *LION* OR A *PANTHER* OR SOME *OTHER* INNOCENT CREATURE OF THE OVERGROWTH. BUT TO *ME*, IT WAS THE *PERSONIFICATION OF EVERY-ONE I EVER HATED*...MY OLD *BUSINESS PARTNER* WHO'D MILKED ME DRY. MY *WIFE* WHO'D CHEATED.. MY *LAWYER*...MY *BROTHER*..MY *FATHER*. I WOULD *FLING OPEN* MY WOODEN CASE WITH *GLEE*..

..AND I WOULD *HAVE MY REVENGE!* I WOULD DRAW FORTH THE INSTRUMENTS OF *TORTURE*..THE CONTRIVANCES OF *PAIN* AND *SUFFERING*..AND I WOULD *USE* THEM ON THOSE I HATED..NEEDLE-NOSED DARTS.. WEIGHTED KNIVES..



ONE AFTER THE OTHER, I WOULD FLING THEM INTO THE SHRIEKING BEAST'S TAWNY HIDE.. EACH *SCREAM*, EACH *PIERCING OF FLESH* SENDING THE THRILL OF REVENGE SURGING *STRONGER* THROUGH MY BODY. FOR IT WAS MY *OLD PARTNER SCREAMING* MY *WIFE'S HIDE*..MY *LAWYER'S BLOOD*..MY *FATHER'S PAIN*..

AFTER A WHILE, I'D SHOOT IT AND PUT IT OUT OF ITS MISERY.

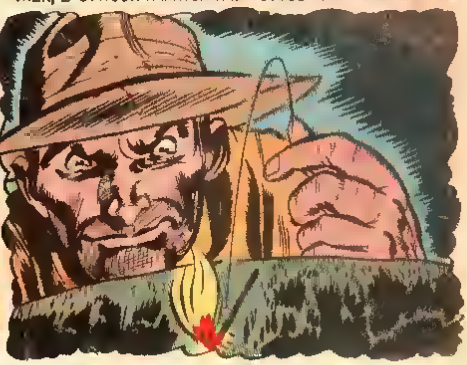
OF *ALL* THE JUNGLE BEASTS, NONE GAVE ME *GREATER* SATISFACTION THAN THE *APE*, FOR WHAT ANIMAL IS *MORE* LIKE A *MAN*? I WOULD DIG MY PIT-TRAPS *JUST DEEP ENOUGH* AND *WIDE* ENOUGH TO *HOLD* ONE OF THESE HUMANOID CREATURES

ONE DAY, AFTER I'D FINISHED ONE OF MY APE TRAPS AND WAS RETURNING TO MY CAMP, I WAS ENRAGED TO SEE AN ARMY OF *GIANT CARNIVOROUS ANTS* DRAGGING OFF A SUCCULENT SECTION OF ANTELOPE RUMP

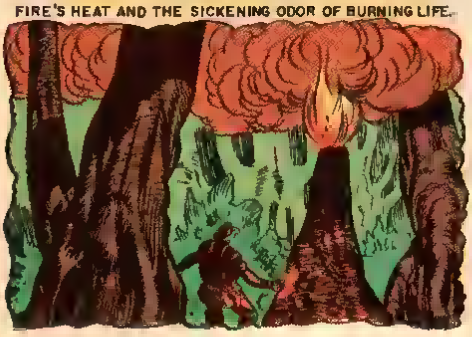
MY *FIRST* INSTINCT WAS TO *SMASH* THE HIDEOUS CRAWLERS INTO *JELLY*, BUT I THOUGHT OF A *BETTER* REVENGE. I *FOLLOWED* THEM AS THEY DRAGGED THEIR PRIZE TO THEIR *TWELVE-FOOT ANTHILL* THEIR *HOME*

I WATCHED THEM SHRED THE RUMP AND CARRY IT INTO THEIR NEST LITTLE BY LITTLE. WHEN THE LAST OF THEM HAD VANISHED INTO THE HOLE ATOP THE HILL, I HURRIED BACK TO CAMP AND RETURNED WITH A LARGE CAN OF *KEROSENE*, CLIMBED THE HILL, AND EMPTIED IT INTO THE HOLE . . .

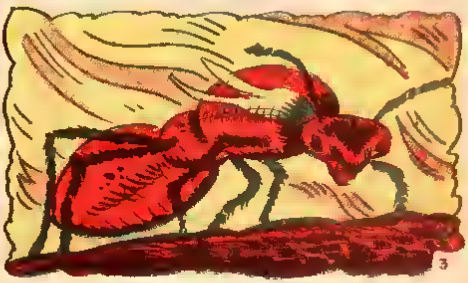
THEN, I STRUCK A MATCH AND TOSSED IT INTO THE HOLE



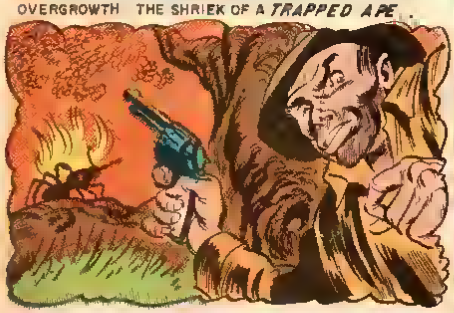
THE HILL SHOOK SLIGHTLY WITH A DULL BLAST. SHEETS OF FLAME SHOT UPWARDS. I WAS DRIVEN OFF BY THE FIRE'S HEAT AND THE SICKENING ODOR OF BURNING LIFE.



I COULD HEAR THE CRACKLING OF THEIR BODIES AS THEY FRIED IN THEIR BLAZING HILL. ONE HUGE ANT MANAGED TO CRAWL FROM THE HOLE AND ESCAPE, FLEEING IN A WILD ZIGZAG COURSE, CARRYING THE FIRE WITH IT. .



I DREW MY PISTOL... WAITED FOR IT, IT SAW ME, HESITATED, THEN BACKED OFF, ITS BODY SMOULDERING. I WOULD HAVE BLOWN IT TO BITS *THEN*, BUT SUDDENLY A *STARTLED SHRIEK* ECHOED OUT OF THE OVERGROWTH THE SHRIEK OF A *TRAPPED APE*...



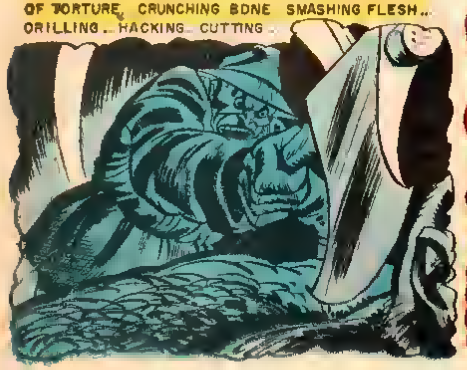
I SPED BACK TO CAMP FOR MY WOODEN CASE, FEELING THAT SURGE OF EXCITEMENT POUND THROUGH MY VEINS...

IT *WAS* AN APE, ALL RIGHT... IT'S ARMS PINIONED TO ITS SIDES BY THE SHEER WALLS OF THE PIT, I APPROACHED, LEERING, STUDYING THE SNARLING HAIRY FACE, SEEING THE FACES OF THOSE I *HATED*...

I TOOK MY INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE... PLIERS, HAMMER AND NAILS, BRACE, SAW, AX, AND A DOZEN OTHER CRUEL PAIN-INFLICTING ARTICLES... FROM MY CASE AND ARRAYED THEM ON THE GROUND BEFORE MY TRAPPED, ALL-BUT-HUMAN CAPTIVE WHO STARED AT THEM CURIOUSLY...

THE *EYES!* THAT'S WHAT WAS SO *SPECIAL* ABOUT TORMENTING AN APE. THE EYES WERE *ALMOST NUMAN*. THEY *PLEADED*. THEY SHOWED THE *EMOTIONS OF PAIN*. THEY WERE *BUSINESS PARTNER'S EYES*... AND *CHEATING WIFE'S EYES*... *LAWYER'S EYES*... *BROTHER'S EYES*... *FATHER'S EYES*... EYES I *HATED*... *HATED*...

I *RAVORED* EACH LOOK OF TERROR, EACH FLASH OF PAIN IN THOSE EYES AS I USED MY INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE, CRUNCHING BONE SMASHING FLESH... DRILLING... HACKING... CUTTING...

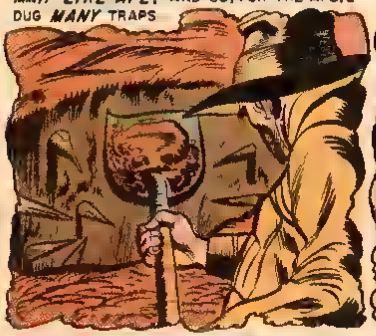


AND WHEN THE APE WAS *DEAD*, THE PEOPLE I HATED NO LONGER *STARED* AT ME THROUGH ITS EYES...

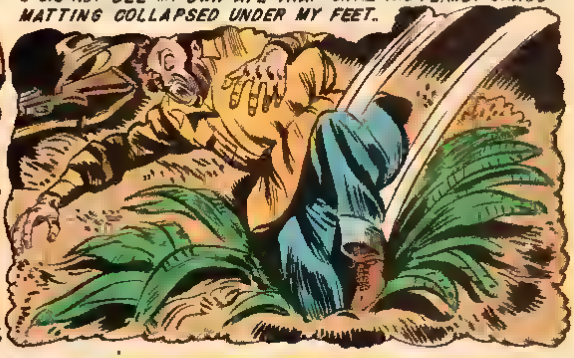
DAY AFTER DAY, THERE WERE *OPPORTUNITIES* FOR ME TO WREAK MY *VENGENCE* UPON MY HATED ENEMIES. THERE WAS THE *BLACK PANTHER* I'D CAUGHT IN ONE OF MY MANY PITS... A SHADOW IMAGE OF MY *EX-PARTNER*, WHO'D DIED SHRIEKING WITH *FLAMING SPEARS*...

THERE WAS THE *HYENA* NOTED FOR ITS HIDIOUS LAUGHTER THAT I'D SNARED IN A ROPE LOOP TIED TO A SAPLING. AS IT HUNG SUSPENDED, IT BECAME MY *WIFE*, LAUGHING AT ME AS SHE TOLD ME OF HER AFFAIR. I'D *SILENCED* HER LAUGHTER WITH AN *AX*...

BUT *NO* ANIMAL GAVE ME AS *GREAT* A FEELING OF *COMPLETE SATISFACTION* AS THE *ALMOST-HUMAN SUFFERINGS* OF A *MAH-LIKE APE*. AND SO, FOR THE APE, I DUG *MANY* TRAPS...

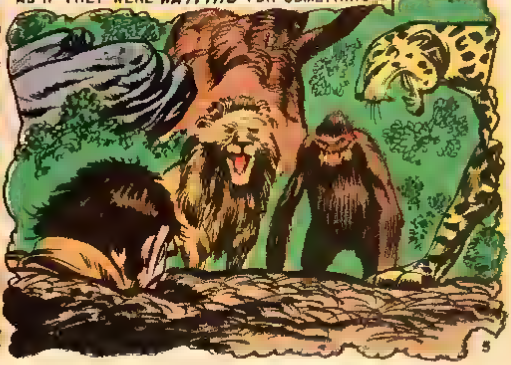


AND THEN, LATE ONE DAY, ABOUT A MONTH AGO, I WAS CROSSING THIS VERY GLADE, RETURNING TO CAMP. I WAS TIRED...NOT ALERT. I DID NOT *SEE* MY *OWN APE TRAP* UNTIL THE *FLIMSY GRASS MATTING COLLAPSED UNDER MY FEET*...



I'D PLUNGED DOWNWARD, SCREAMING, AS SO *MANY* OF MY APE-VICTIMS HAD DONE *BEFORE* ME. I'D BECOME WEDGED THERE, MY ARMS PINIONED AT MY SIDES... MY HEAD JUST ABOVE THE GROUND LEVEL ...HELPLESS...TRAPPED...

AND THEN *THEY'D* COME OUT OF THE *JUNGLE*...THE *LION* AND THE *PANTHER*. THE *HYENA* AND THE *APE*... THE *COUSINS* OF THOSE I HAD *TORTURED*. THEY'D COME *TOWARD* ME, *SNARLING*... AND THEN THEY'D *STOPPED*... AS IF THEY WERE *WAITING* FOR SOMETHING...



I'D WAITED *TOO*, TERRORIZED HELPLESS— PRAYING FOR DELIVERANCE

AND THEN I'D HEARD THE RUSTLING, AND SEEN THE *GIANT ANT* PUSH THROUGH THE HIGH GRASS AT THE CLEARING'S EDGE— SEEN IT DRAG TOWARD ME— LEADING AN ARMY OF GIANT ANTS FROM THE BRUSH

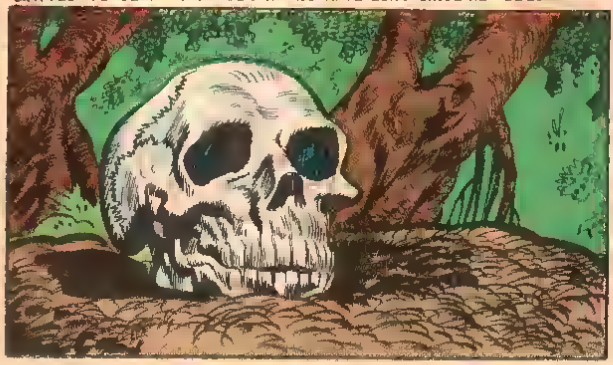
AND AS IT CAME CLOSER, I'D *RECOGNIZED* IT— SAW THE *HORRIBLE SCARS* UPON ITS SLEEK SHELL-LIKE BODY— THE *SUNN-SCARS*..

THEN, SUDDENLY IT WAS UPON ME, ITS STARVING ARMY AFTER IT, RIPPING— TEARING— STRIPPING MY FLESH

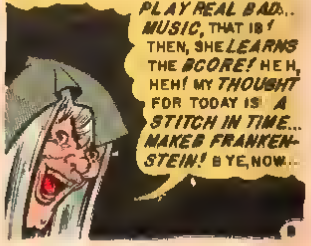
AND AFTER THEY'D FINISHED, THEY'D RETURNED— THEIR BELLIES BLOATED— TO THE BRUSH

THE ECHOES OF MY SCREAMS HAVE LONG SINCE FADED AWAY INTO MY JUNGLE DOMAIN NOW, AND I CAN ONLY SIT HERE IN DEATH AND SURVEY IT ALL WITH A BENEVOLENT SILENCE WHILE THE ANIMALS THAT ONCE FEARED ME COME NEAR AND LIVE AND FEED AND PLAY...

FOR WHAT DO THEY HAVE TO FEAR FROM A HUMAN SKULL, STRIPPED CLEAN, BLEACHED WHITE, STICKING UPWARD— AWKWARDLY— FROM A PIT IN A MATTED GLADE THAT JUNGLE RAINS HAVE LONG SINCE REFILLED



HEH, HEH! *LIKE* MY PICNIC YARN, KIDDIES? I *TORTURE* WOULD! NOW IT'S TIME TO *CLOSE* THE VERMIN-INFESTED *VAULT OF HORROR* AND TOSS YOU BACK TO THE *OLD WITCH* WHO'S WAITING WITH A *MORBID MUSICAL MASTERPIECE* THAT *SHOULD* DRIVE YOU *NUTS!* IT'S ABOUT A *GAL* WHO WANTS TO *PLAY REAL BAD... MUSIC*, THAT IS! THEN, SHE *LEARNS* THE *SCORE!* HEH, HEH! MY *THOUGHT* FOR TODAY IS! *A STITCH IN TIME... MAKES FRANKENSTEIN!* BYE, NOW...



# A COLLECTOR'S E.C. CHECK-LIST

*Due to frequent requests from avid collectors of E.C. type literature, we are herewith publishing a complete check list of E C's "New Trend" crime and horror mags.*

## THE CRYPT OF TERROR

No 17—Apr-May, 1950 No. 18—Jun-Jul., 1950
No 19—Aug-Sept., 1950

*(title change to)*

## TALES FROM THE CRYPT

No. 20—Oct-Nov, 1950 No. 33—Dec-Jan., 1953
No. 21—Dec-Jan, 1951 No. 34—Feb-Mar., 1953
No 22—Feb-Mar, 1951 No 35—Apr-May, 1953
No 23—Apr-May, 1951 No 36—Jun-July, 1953
No 24—Jun-Jul., 1951 No 37—Aug-Sept., 1953
No. 25—Aug-Sept, 1951 No 38—Oct-Nov, 1953
No 26—Oct-Nov., 1951 No. 39—Dec-Jan., 1954
No 27—Dec-Jan., 1952 No. 40—Feb-Mar., 1954
No 28—Feb Mar, 1952 No 41—Apr-May, 1954
No 29—Apr-May, 1952 No 42—June-Jul, 1954
No. 30—Jun-Jul, 1952 No 43—Aug-Sept, 1954
No. 31—Aug-Sept., 1952 No 44—Oct-Nov, 1954
No 32—Oct-Nov, 1952 No 45—Dec Jan, 1955
No 46—Feb-Mar, 1955

## THE VAULT OF HORROR

No 12—Apr-May, 1950 No 26—Aug-Sept, 1952
No. 13—June-Jul, 1950 No. 27—Oct-Nov., 1952
No. 14—Aug-Sept, 1950 No 28—Dec-Jan, 1953
No. 15—Oct-Nov., 1950 No 29—Feb-Mar, 1953
No. 16—Dec-Jan, 1951 No 30—Apr-May, 1953
No 17—Feb-Mar, 1951 No. 31—June-July, 1953
No. 18—Apr-May, 1951 No. 32—Aug-Sept, 1953
No 19—Jun-Jul., 1951 No 33—Oct-Nov, 1953
No 20—Aug-Sept., 1951 No 34—Dec-Jan., 1954
No. 21—Oct-Nov, 1951 No 35—Feb-Mar, 1954
No. 22—Dec-Jan, 1952 No 36—Apr-May, 1954
No 23—Feb-Mar, 1952 No. 37—June-July, 1954
No. 24—Apr-May, 1952 No. 38—Aug-Sept, 1954
No. 25—June-Jul., 1952 No 39—Oct-Nov, 1954
No. 40—Dec-Jan., 1955

## THE HAUNT OF FEAR

No 15—May June, 1950 No. 15—Sept.-Oct., 1952
No 16—July-Aug, 1950 No. 16—Nov.-Dec, 1952
No. 17—Sept-Oct, 1950 No 17—Jan.-Feb., 1953
No 4—Nov-Dec, 1950 No 18—Mar-Apr, 1953
No. 5—Jan-Feb, 1951 No 19—May-June, 1953
No. 6—Mar.-Apr., 1951 No 20—July-Aug., 1953
No 7—May-June, 1951 No 21—Sept-Oct, 1953
No. 8—July-Aug, 1951 No. 22—Nov-Dec., 1953
No. 9—Sept-Oct., 1951 No. 23—Jan-Feb, 1954
No 10—Nov-Dec, 1951 No 24—Mar-Apr., 1954
No 11—Jan-Feb, 1952 No. 25—May-June, 1954
No 12—Mar-Apr, 1952 No. 26—July-Aug., 1954
No 13—May-June, 1952 No 27—Sept-Oct, 1954
No. 14—July-Aug., 1952 No 28—Nov.-Dec, 1954

## CRIME SUSPENSTORIES

No 1—Oct-Nov, 1950 No 14—Dec Jan, 1953
No 2—Dec-Jan., 1951 No 15—Feb-Mar., 1953
No 3—Feb-Mar, 1951 No 16—Apr.-May, 1953
No 4—Apr-May, 1951 No 17—June-July, 1953
No 5—June-July, 1951 No. 18—Aug-Sept., 1953
No 6—Aug-Sept, 1951 No 19—Oct-Nov, 1953
No 7—Oct-Nov, 1951 No 20—Dec-Jan., 1954
No. 8—Dec.-Jan., 1952 No 21—Feb Mar, 1954
No 9—Feb-Mar, 1952 No 22—Apr-May, 1954
No. 10—Apr.-May, 1952 No. 23—June-July, 1954
No 11—June-July, 1952 No 24—Aug-Sept, 1954
No. 12—Aug-Sept., 1952 No. 25—Oct.-Nov, 1954
No. 13—Oct-Nov, 1952 No 26—Dec-Jan, 1955
No 27—Feb-Mar, 1955

## SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES

No. 1—Feb-Mar, 1952 No 10—Aug-Sept, 1953
No. 2—Apr-May, 1952 No. 11—Oct-Nov., 1953
No 3—June-July, 1952 No 12—Dec-Jan., 1954
No 4—Aug-Sept, 1952 No 13—Feb-Mar., 1954
No. 5—Oct-Nov, 1952 No 14—Apr-May, 1954
No 6—Dec-Jan, 1953 No 15—June-July, 1954
No 7—Feb-Mar, 1953 No 16—Aug-Sept, 1954
No 8—Apr-May, 1953 No 17—Oct. Nov 1954
No 9—June-July, 1953 No 18—Dec.-Jan, 1953

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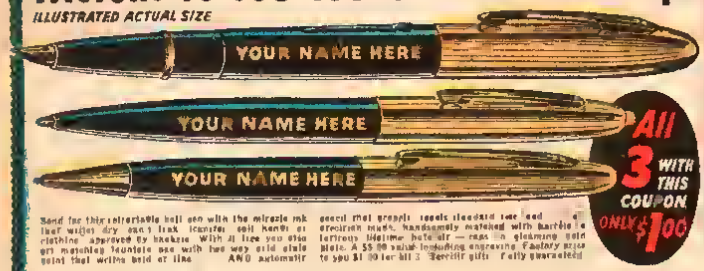


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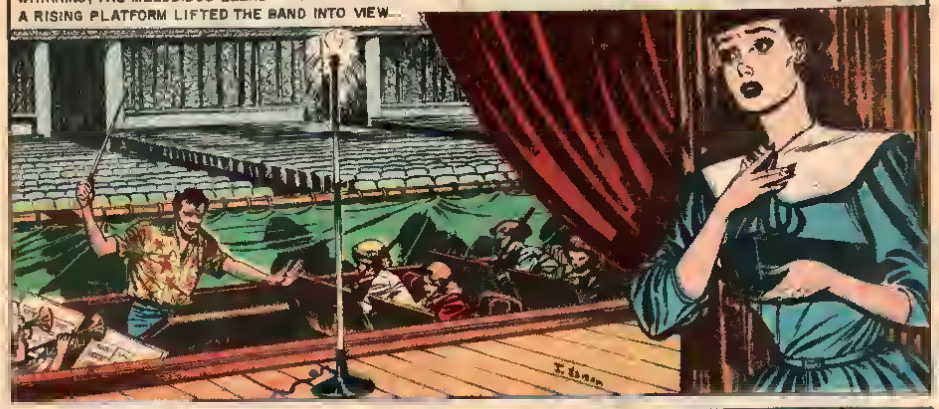
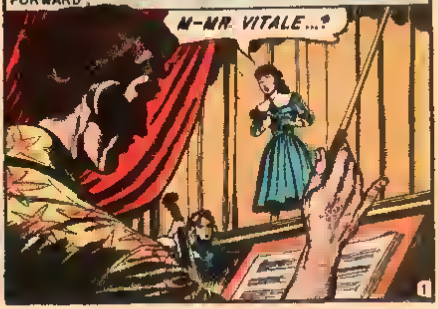
# AUDITION

A SINGLE LARGE NAKED BULB ATOP THE IRON STARD ON THE STAGE PROJECTED ITS PALE LIGHT ACRDSS THE VAST EMPTINESS DF THE THEATER, WHERE ROW UPON ROW DF GAPING SEATS WAITED IR LDNELY ANTICIPATIDN. A YOUNG LADY EMERGED SHYLY AND HESITANTLY FRDM THE WINGS, HER CLARIRET UNDER HER ARM. SHE, TOO, FELT THE SADNESS OF THE DESERTED SHOWPLACE. THEN, FROM NOWHERE SEEMIRGLY, CAME A SUDDEN SCRAPING DF CHAIRS, A VERANT WHIRRING, THE MELODIDUS BLENDING OF INSTRUMENTS WITH FEMALE VOICES — AND FRDM THE STYGIAN ORCHESTRA PIT, A RISING PLATFORM LIFTED THE BAND INTO VIEW—



PHIL VITALE STOOD BEFDRE HIS ALL-GIRL DRCHESTRA, DRAMATICALLY WAVING HIS BATON, LEADING IT IN ITS RATIONALLY FAMDUS THEME SONG. AS THE FINAL STRAINS FADED, HE RAPPED FOR SILENCE—

NOW CAME THE DISORGANIZED RUSTLE OF MUSIC SHEETS ON STANDS, THE URHARMONIOUS TUNING OF INSTRUMENTS. ONCE AGAIN, VITALE RAPPED HIS BATDR. INSTANTLY A DEATHLY HUSH FELL. THEN THE EAGER GIRL WITH THE CLARIRET STEPPED FORWARD.



PHIL VITALE WINCED, DROPPED HIS ARMS AND STARED ICILY AT THE INTRUDER...

AND...JUST *WHAT* DO *YOU* WANT, MISS?

MR VITALE, I'D LIKE A CHANCE TO BE IN YOUR *BAND*...

AS THE GIRL, ETHEL STARK... SO OBVIOUSLY IN HER TEENS...FUMBLED WITH HER CLARINET CASE, BLURTING FORTH HER WELL-REHEARSED STORY, VITALE'S ANGER SUBSIDED, HE WINKED SLYLY AT HIS BAND...

. AND EVEN WHILE I WAS PLAYING WITH THE *HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA*, I *KEPT TAKING LESSONS*. AND I'VE *NEVER* MISSED A *DAY'S PRACTISE*... FOR *EIGHT WHOLE YEARS*. AND

THOUGH THE BANDLEADER WORE AN AMUSED SMILE, ETHEL COULD SENSE HIS GROWING IMPATIENCE. SHE FELL SILENT, EXTRICATED HER CLARINET, AND RAISED HER EYEBROWS DUES-TIONINGLY...

*WELL, GO AHEAD AND PLAY... BUT PLEASE MAKE IT SHORT!*

ETHEL LAUNCHED INTO AN IMPROMPTU ORIGINAL MELODY ON HER LICORICE STICK.. SWEET AND HAUNTING AT FIRST...THEN HOT, WILDLY ABANDONED. VITALE DRANK IN EVERY NOTE...?

SILENCE GREETED HER SPIRITED PERFORMANCE. ETHEL LOOKED FROM THE LEADER TO HIS STONY-FACED BAND..

YOU *PLAY* VERY *WELL*, MISS...

MR. VITALE GLANCED AT BELINDA, HIS VIOLINIST. SHE REPLIED WITH AN ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLE SHAKE OF HER HEAD. HE LOOKED BACK AT ETHEL... AT HER SHAPELY FIGURE... HER LOVELY FACE. AND HE SHRUGGED.

...*BUT*... I'M *SORRY!*

*WHY*, MR. VITALE? YOU *SAID* YOU *LIKED* MY PLAYING! *WHY?*

THE BANDLEADER ABRUPTLY TURNED HIS BACK ON ETHEL AND STRODE AWAY. SHE FOLLOWED HIM, PLEADING...

I'LL *WORK HARD!* I'LL BE *GOOD!* YOU'LL *SEE!* I...

IT'S *NO USE*, MISS! YOU *JUST CAN'T BE IN MY ORCHESTRA!*

ETHEL PERSISTED, AND HE WHIRLED ON HER SUDDENLY... HIS EYES FLASHING IN FURY.
WHY, YOU ASK? ALL RIGHT, I'LL TELL YOU WHY! YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO BE IN MY BAND! YOU'RE STILL A CHILD! NOW, TAKE MY ADVICE! GO HOME... GROW UP... FIND SOME NICE FELLOW... MARRY HIM... AND SETTLE DOWN!
THE YOUNG CLARINETIST LEFT THE THEATER IN A STATE OF HOPELESS DEJECTION. BUT THE NEXT DAY SHE WAS BACK WITH RENEWED ENTHUSIASM...
I'LL WORK FOR YOU FOR NOTHING, MR. VITALE! JUST GIVE ME THE CHANCE.
I TOLD YOU YOU'RE TOO YOUNG!
SHE WAITED FOR HIM OUTSIDE THE STAGE DOOR...
IT'S MY AMBITION FOR YEARS TO BE IN YOUR...
NO, MISS STARK! NO!
STAGE DOOR
SHE MET HIM AGAIN IN FRONT OF HIS APARTMENT...
I CAN'T, MISS STARK! I WON'T! NO!
SHE CLIMBED INTO HIS TAXICAB...
NO!
SHE INVADED HIS PRIVACY...
NO!
...EVEN HIS DRESSING ROOM...
NO!
YOU'VE GOT A NERVE COMING IN HERE! SUPPOSE I WASN'T DRESSED!
PLEASE, MR. VITALE! PLEASE! IF YOU WON'T LET ME BE IN YOUR BAND... I'LL... I'LL KILL MYSELF!
3

PHIL VITALE SIGHED. HIS SHOULDERS SAGGED RESIGNEDLY..

YOU WANT TO BE IN MY BAND *THAT BADLY..?*

OH, YES... *YES... PLEASE*, MR VITALE! *PLEASE?!*

WITH NO FURTHER WORD, THE BANDLEADER TOOK ETHEL BY HER HAND AND LED HER TO THE LARGE ROOM BENEATH THE STAGE WHERE HIS GIRLS WERE STARTING TO FILE ONTO THE PLATFORM THAT WOULD CARRY THEM UP INTO THE EMPTY THEATER...

I..I *CAN'T* DO ANYTHING *WITH* HER. SHE'S *HOUNDING* ME! NOW, SHE'S THREATENING TO *KILL* HERSELF! *SHE WANTS TO BE IN THE BAND!*

PHIL VITALE LOOKED AT HIS VIOLINIST, BELINDA, WITH A SLIGHT LIFT OF HIS EYEBROWS. SHE GLANCED AT ETHEL AND NODDED... SMILING...

*OKAY*, MISS STARK! IT'S *ALL RIGHT* WITH MY *GIRLS!*

OH, *THANK YOU...THANK YOU...*

JOYFULLY SHE STARTED TOWARD THE PLATFORM BUT VITALE STOPPED HER...

*HOLD IT*, YOUNG LADY! YOU *CAN'T* BE IN MY BAND LIKE *THAT! FIRST*, YOU'LL HAVE TO BE *MADE READY!*

READY?

HE LED HER TO A LOCKER AND TOOK OUT A SMALL LEATHER CASE. FROM THIS, HE REMOVED A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE AND A TINY BOTTLE OF GREENISH LIQUID. A SINISTER SMILE CROSSED HIS FACE AS HE FILLED THE HYPODERMIC...

WHAT... WHAT'S *THAT* FOR?

YOU *WANT* TO BE *IN MY BAND*, DON'T YOU? WELL, THIS WILL *PREPARE* YOU.

BEFORE SHE COULD OBJECT, THE BANDLEADER HAD THRUST THE NEEDLE INTO ETHEL'S ARM AND EMPTIED THE JADE FLUID...

YOU *CAN'T* BE IN MY BAND AS YOU *ARE! THIS* WILL MAKE YOU *READY!*

I... SOB... I... I'M *AFRAID!*

A WAVE OF ICY FEAR GRIPPED ETHEL. A NUMBNESS CAME OVER HER, STARTING FROM HER FEET, MOVING UP, POSSESSING HER ENTIRE BEING. SHE SAW, YET COULD NOT FEEL, THAT VITALE WAS TAKING HER PULSE...

NO *NEED* TO BE *AFRAID* ANY *LONGER*, MISS STARK! YOU ARE *QUITE DEAD!*

ETHEL FOLLOWED VITALE TO THE PIT-PLATFORM, AND AS IT HUMMED IN SLOW ASCENT, SHE BEGAN TO UNDERSTAND...

DEAD? MR VITALE SAID I'M DEAD! YET I CAN WALK! I'M I'M A ZOMBIE! THAT'S WHAT HE'S MADE ME INTO! A ZOMBIE! ONE OF THE LIVING DEAD!

...AND YOU'VE GOT TO BE DEAD TO BE IN MY BAND, MISS STARK!

HE LED HER FROM THE PLATFORM TO THE STAGE WHERE THE BAND SAT, WAITING...

I SEE IT ALL, NOW! THEY'RE ALL ZOMBIES! THE WHOLE BAND!

...ALTHOUGH I REALLY FELT THAT YOU WERE A BIT TOO YOUNG TOO UNDER-DEVELOPED

SHE STARED BLANKLY HER FACE PALLID, HER EYES FIXED. BUT INSIDE, HAPPINESS SURGED THROUGH ETHEL...

THAT'S WHAT HE MEANT WHEN HE SAID I WAS TOO YOUNG! TOO YOUNG TO DIE! BUT I DON'T CARE! I DON'T CARE!

WELL, GIRLS! SHE WANTED TO BE IN MY BAND! HERE SHE IS! SHE'S DEAD!

AS IF THE ANNOUNCEMENT WAS A SIGNAL, THE GIRLS BROKE FROM THE BANDSTAND IN A WILD STAMPEDE...

HOW, MY AMBITION IS FINALLY REALIZED! HOW LONG I'VE WAITED AND DREAMED AND PRAYED FOR THIS MOMENT! SEE NOW THEY'RE RUSHING TO WELCOME ME!

BUT ETHEL WAS WRONG! THEY WEREN'T RUSHING TO GREET HER FOR WHEN THEY REACHED HER THEY WERE DROOLING SPITTLE AND GIGGLING IDIOTICALLY, AND THEY WILDLY TORE HER APART.

YOU SEE, MISS STARK—YOU'VE GOT TO BE DEAD TO BE IN MY ORCHESTRA! PHIL VITALE'S ALL GHOUL ORCHESTRA...

HEH, HEH! NO, THEY WEREN'T RUSHING TO GREET ETHEL—THEY WERE RUSHING TO EAT HER. SO THE POOR GIRL GOT HER WISH... SHE ENDED UP IN THE BAND AFTER ALL... INSIDE THEIR TUMMIES, THAT IS! "ALL GHOUL" ORCHESTRA! OH, MURDER! SAY, THOSE GIRLS ARE STRICTLY FROM HUNGER, EH? HEH, HEH! WELL... AS THE STARVING TROMBONIST SAID—I'D BETTER BLOW. THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S READY TO HORN IN WITH HIS MORBID MUSIC.

OH, BY THE WAY, IF YOU SEE A MUSICIAN-VICTIM OF A MANIAC AX-KILLER, MAKE THIS CLEVER COMMENT: GEE! CLEFT! 'BYE NOW!

# 500 TEETH

The window slid open easily, his gloved hands grasping the sill, Villani swung lightly into the room. As his feet pressed down upon thick carpet, he turned and lowered the window, snapping the lock shut. No sense in advertising the fact that he was busting into the dump ... there'd be plenty of talk later, when the robbery was reported to the cops.

A strange sound made Villani whirl in surprise: a swarm of tiny dogs had hurtled into the room and were frantically nuzzling his trousers, sniffing at his shoes, licking his gloved fingers. Villani's eyes widened with fear as he counted a dozen creatures hemming him in... then a smile of relief creased his anxious face. Miniature Doberman Pinschers! Same kind of pooches he'd seen in the pet shop window on the way over. Their full-size big brothers were ferocious when riled, but THESE little critters looked friendly enough. Like romping puppies

Kneeling down amidst the horde of tiny dogs, Villani chuckled as the squirming creatures slithered joyfully into his arms, their tongues slobbering frenziedly against his face and neck. "How's about showing me where the family jewels're hidden?" Villani chortled. Straightening up, he shrugged off the clamoring animals. "Some watchdogs YOU halfpints make!"

With the spindly-legged little dogs frolicking at his heels, Villani moved quickly up the staircase and into the lavish master bedroom. It took him a moment to locate the safe, behind a wall bracket... a few exploratory twists of the dial and the door slid open. The dogs sat watchfully as Villani pulled a tray of glittering gems from the vault and dumped the stones into his coat pocket. With a broad grin, after he had shut the vault and replaced the wall bracket, Villani chirped at the dogs, who swarmed toward him, whining for attention.

"Thanks for your help, pooches!" Villani laughed. "You've welcomed me like a friend of the family... done everything but pour me a cup of coffee! I'd hate to have the likes of YOU guarding MY valuables!"

The dogs frisked down the stairs ahead of Villani, blocking him as he moved toward the escape window... their puny bodies spilling over one another in their violent game At the bottom of the steps Villani tripped over one of the squealing animals... his smile faded and his foot lashed out in sudden anger. "Time to stop being so palsy-walsy," Villani rasped. "I gotta get outa here before..."

His foot struck another dog, he lost his balance and sprawled headlong onto the thick carpet. Villani's hands jerked to his face to protect himself from the slobbering tongues ... instead, he felt the sharp impact of teeth slashing at his flesh, heard enraged snarls deep in a dozen furry throats.

Thrashing wildly, to free himself from the savage attack on his clothes and skin, Villani was engulfed by the horde of writhing bodies pressing in upon him Gleaming fangs tore at Villani's throat; a gush of blood splattered his shirt and flowed over his ferocious tormentors. The room began to whirl for Villani, as he realized that the skin of his face had been torn down to the bone... his fingers were shredded ... he felt his tortured body being buried... buried...

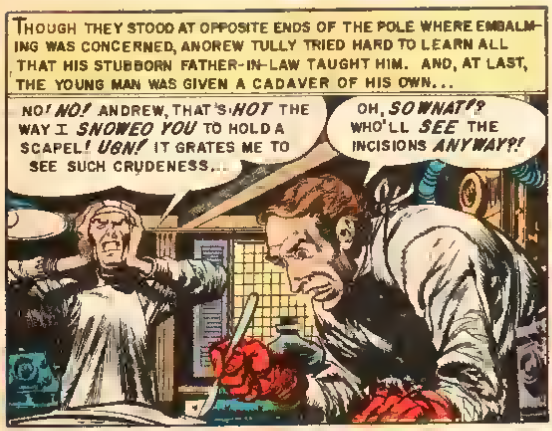
"They... tricked ... me ...!" Villani gasped in his death spasm. "Five hundred... tricked by a dozen killers with... with five hundred teeth!"

# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

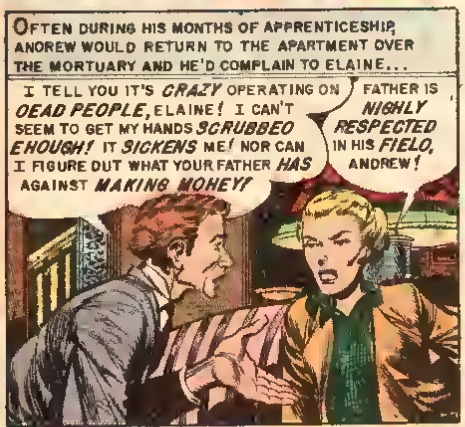
HEH, HEH! AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR YOUR *CRYPT-KEEPER, NOST* OF THE *DRYPT OF TERROR*, TO SERVE *DES-SERT* IN THIS *MORBID FOUR-COARSE MOLD-MEAL*, AND *WIND-UP FEASTIVITIES* FOR *THE OLD WITCH'S MUCK-MAG*. SO CRAWL INTO THE *CREEPY CAVERNS* OF *CADAVEROUS CAVORTINGS* AND SUFFER A *COFFIN SPELL* AS I NARRATE THIS *NAUSEATING NOVELETTE* OF *ECCENTRIC EMBALMING*. IT'S A FAVORITE OF MINE CALLED...

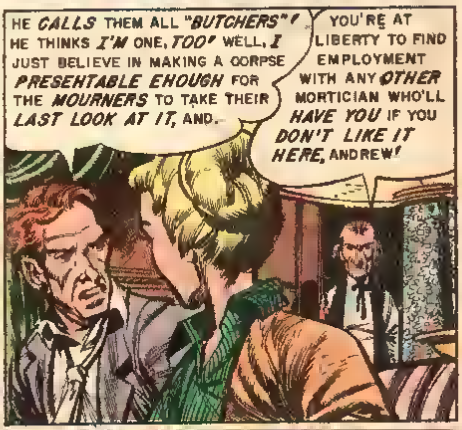
## A WORK OF ART!

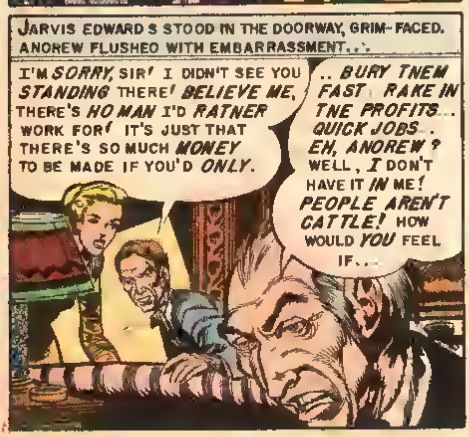
JARVIS EDWARDS DREW HIMSELF UP TO THE FULL LENGTH OF HIS CADAVEROUS FIGURE. HIS JAW WORKED AS, FOR A MOMENT, HE STOOD IN STONY SILENCE. AT LAST, WITH AN OBVIOUS EFFORT AT SELF-CONTROL, HE ADDRESSED HIS NEW SON-IN-LAW
YOU... YOU HAVE NO JOB, MR. TULLY!? THEN JUST HOW DO YOU PROPOSE TO SUPPORT YOUR WIFE?
IF YOU'D HELP ME, SIR, I'D LIKE TO BE AN UNDERTAKER! ELAINE SAYS THERE'S LOTS OF MONEY IN IT.
ANDREW TULLY HAD TOUCHED A TENDER SORE SPOT OF JARVIS EDWARDS' LIFE...
UNDERTAKER, INDEED! I FORBID YOU TO USE THAT WORD IN THIS HOUSE! I, MR. TULLY, AM A MORTICIAN! AND I AM ONE OF THE FEW MEMBERS OF MY PROFESSION WORTHY OF THE NAME! THE REST ARE BUTCHERS!
I MEANT NO OFFENSE, SIR...
YES, BUTCHERS! MONEY! THAT'S ALL THEY'RE INTERESTED IN! WHAT ABOUT PRIDE IN YOUR WORK, YOUNG MAN? WHAT ABOUT LOVE OF A FINE ART? EMBALMING IS A FINE ART, MR. TULLY...
I'M WILLING TO LEARN, MR. EDWARDS! I'LL WORK HARD...
LET'S FACE IT, FATHER! YOU NEED ME TO LOOK AFTER YOU, AND ANDREW NEEDS A PROFESSION! TEACH HIM EMBALMING AND WE'LL STAY HERE.. LIVE WITH YOU.. AND I CAN GO ON KEEPING HOUSE FOR YOU.
THE OLD MAN CONSIDERED FOR A MOMENT, THEN SHRUGGED, HIS FACE ASSUMED AN AIR OF HELPLESS RESIGNATION...
YES, I DO NEED YOU, ELAINE! ALL RIGHT. I'LL TEACH YOUR NEW HUSBAND MY ART. I ONLY HOPE AND PRAY HE'LL NOT BECOME ONE OF THOSE BUTCHERS!
THANK YOU, FATHER!
AND SO YOUNG, AMBITIOUS ANDREW TULLY BECAME JARVIS'S PUPIL...
BUT GASP.. YOU'RE REMOVING ALL OF THE VITAL ORGANS, MR. EDWARDS! I THOUGHT THAT ONLY THE BLOOD IS REPLACED WITH FORMALDENYDE!
I TOLD YOU, ANDREW, WHEN I EMBALM A BODY, IT IS A WORK OF ART! IT WAS AN ART WITH THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS... AND THEY REMOVED THE VITAL ORGANS!
IT SEEMS LIKE SUCH A WASTE OF TIME, MR EDWARDS AFTER ALL, WHEN A MAN IS DEAD, HE'S DEAD! AND WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE IF IT TAKES A LITTLE LONGER FOR HIM TO ROT IN HIS GRAVE? WHY, YOU COULD DO THREE BODIES IN THE TIME IT TAKES YOU TO DO THIS ONE!
I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO MAKE YOU UNDERSTAND...
2


THOUGH THEY STOOD AT OPPOSITE ENDS OF THE POLE WHERE EMBALMING WAS CONCERNED, ANDREW TULLY TRIED HARD TO LEARN ALL THAT HIS STUBBORN FATHER-IN-LAW TAUGHT HIM. AND, AT LAST, THE YOUNG MAN WAS GIVEN A CADAVER OF HIS OWN...
NO! NO! ANDREW, THAT'S NOT THE WAY I SHOWED YOU TO HOLD A SCAPEL! UGH! IT GRATES ME TO SEE SUCH CRUDENESS...
OH, SO WHAT!? WHO'LL SEE THE INCISIONS ANYWAY?!

I'LL SEE THEM.. AND YOU'LL SEE THEM.. IT'S A QUESTION OF PROFESSIONAL PRIDE! A NEAT INCISION SHOULD BE—
I KNOW.. A WORK OF ART! WELL, I'M NOT INTERESTED IN ART! I HAVE TO EARN A LIVING!


OFTEN DURING HIS MONTHS OF APPRENTICESHIP, ANDREW WOULD RETURN TO THE APARTMENT OVER THE MORTUARY AND HE'D COMPLAIN TO ELAINE...
I TELL YOU IT'S CRAZY OPERATING ON DEAD PEOPLE, ELAINE! I CAN'T SEEM TO GET MY HANDS SCRUBBED ENOUGH! IT SICKENS ME! NOR CAN I FIGURE OUT WHAT YOUR FATHER HAS AGAINST MAKING MONEY!
FATHER IS HIGHLY RESPECTED IN HIS FIELD, ANDREW!


HE CALLS THEM ALL "BUTCHERS"! HE THINKS I'M ONE, TOO! WELL, I JUST BELIEVE IN MAKING A CORPSE PRESENTABLE ENOUGH FOR THE MOURNERS TO TAKE THEIR LAST LOOK AT IT, AND—
YOU'RE AT LIBERTY TO FIND EMPLOYMENT WITH ANY OTHER MORTICIAN WHO'LL HAVE YOU IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT HERE, ANDREW!


JARVIS EDWARDS STOOD IN THE DOORWAY, GRIM-FACED. ANDREW FLUSHED WITH EMBARRASSMENT...
I'M SORRY, SIR! I DIDN'T SEE YOU STANDING THERE! BELIEVE ME, THERE'S NO MAN I'D RATHER WORK FOR! IT'S JUST THAT THERE'S SO MUCH MONEY TO BE MADE IF YOU'D ONLY.
.. BURY THEM FAST RAKE IN THE PROFITS... QUICK JOBS.. EH, ANDREW? WELL, I DON'T HAVE IT IN ME! PEOPLE AREN'T CATTLE! HOW WOULD YOU FEEL IF...

I WOULDN'T FEEL ANYTHING! I'D BE DEAD! I WOULDN'T CARE HOW THEY BURIED ME!
I KNEW IT! YOU'VE GOT THE SOUL OF A BUTCHER!
STOP IT... BOTH OF YOU! MUST YOU BE ALWAYS BICKERING?

BEFORE LONG, ANDREW RECEIVED HIS LICENSE TO PRACTISE UNDERTAKING - YET JARVIS, ON MORE THAN ONE OCCASION, SHOWED HIS CONTEMPT FOR HIS SON-IN-LAW'S ABILITY.
AH, I SEE YOU ARE BUSY WITH ANOTHER VICTIM, ANDREW. HERE! I BROUGHT YOU THIS TO WORK WITH
A CLEAVER! VERY FUNNY! WELL, I DON'T APPRECIATE YOUR HUMOR, MR. EDWARDS. BY YOUR STANDARDS, I MAY BE A BUTCHER - BUT MY PRIME CONCERN IS TO SUPPORT MY WIFE - YOUR DAUGHTER
JARVIS CONTINUED TO DISAPPROVE OF ANDREW'S CLUMSY EFFORTS AS A MORTICIAN AND THE YEARS PASSED. ONE DAY, JARVIS SUFFERED A SLIGHT HEART ATTACK AND WAS CONFINED TO HIS BED. HE BECAME GLUM AND MOROSE AND DEPRESSED..
I MUSTN'T DIE, ELAINE! I CAN'T!
NOW, FATHER - DR PARRIS SAYS ALL YOU NEED IS A WEEK OR TWO OF REST AND YOU'LL BE GOOD AS EVER. COME, DRINK SOME OF THIS BROTH.
JARVIS EDWARDS STARED OFF INTO SPACE..
I'LL BE ALL RIGHT THIS TIME, YES - BUT IN A FEW MONTHS. A YEAR, PERHAPS - I'LL HAVE ANOTHER ATTACK.. A FATAL ONE! THEN - CHOKE - WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO MY BODY? WHO'LL BE MY MORTICIAN?
THERE, NOW AREN'T YOU GLAD YOU TAUGHT ME, MR. EDWARDS. WHY, I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!
SUDDENLY, JARVIS'S EYES FILLED WITH HORROR..
NO! NO! YOU'VE GOT TO PROMISE ME, ELAINE - PROMISE ME YOU WON'T LET ANDREW EMBALM ME! DON'T LET HIM LAY A HAND ON ME! PROMISE ME! PROMISE!
ALL RIGHT, FATHER! I PROMISE! CALM YOURSELF! DR. PARRIS WARNED YOU AGAINST BECOMING EXCITED..
ALTHOUGH JARVIS EDWARDS RECOVERED FULLY FROM HIS ATTACK, HE NEVERTHELESS REMAINED SOMBER AND DEPRESSED. ONE TOPIC WAS FOREMOST IN HIS MORBID THOUGHTS...EVEN AT DINNERTIME
I WON'T HAVE MY BODY MUTILATED BY ANY OF THOSE FUMBLING BUTCHERS. I WON'T.
OKAY, MR EDWARDS! OKAY - THEN WE'LL HAVE YOUR BODY CREMATED!
ANDREW!
HIS FACE ASHEN WITH TERROR, JARVIS BOLTED FROM THE TABLE..
CREMATED! OH, GOD, NEVER! I'D BE NOTHING MORE THAN AN URN OF ASHES! NO! NOBODY'S GOING TO DO THAT TO ME! NO! NO!...
ANDREW, THAT WAS CRUEL!
I CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE OF THIS, ELAINE! I TELL YOU, IF THIS KEEPS UP, I'LL EXPLODE!

TENSION IN THE MORTICIAN'S HOUSEHOLD MOUNTED WORKING WITH JARVIS BECAME UNBEARABLE FOR ANDREW...

MY LORD, SHE ISN'T A *FOOTBALL!* *SEW* HER UP. . DON'T *LACE* HER! OH, HOW I *DREAD* THE TIME WHEN ONE OF YOU *MEATCUTTERS* TURNS *MY* BODY INTO AN *ANIMAL* CARCASS!

THAT'S ALL YOU *TALK* ABOUT! *YOUR BODY!* WHAT'S SO *SPECIAL* ABOUT *YOUR BODY?*

LISTEN, ANDREW! ALL THROUGH *LIFE* MAN SUFFERS *INDIGNITIES*, AT LEAST, IN *DEATH*, HE DESERVES THE SIMPLE MARK OF *RESPECT*.. A *DECENT EMBALMING.*

THAT'S LIKE GIVING HIM *FLOWERS* AT HIS FUNERAL! *WHY?* HE CAN'T *SMELL* THEM!

USUALLY IT WAS ELAINE WHO PREVENTED A VIOLENT ARGUMENT FROM DEVELOPING BETWEEN HER HUSBAND AND FATHER

ARE YOU TWO *STILL AT IT* DOWN THERE? FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, *STOP* THE NONSENSE AND COME UP FOR *DINNER!*

NOW THAT YOU'RE QUIETLY SEATED, THIS *LETTER* CAME IN THE MAIL. IT'S FROM THE *UNITED UNDERTAKERS ASSOCIATION.* THEY'RE HAVING THEIR ANUAL *CONVENTION.* I THINK *ONE* OF YOU OUGHT TO *GO.* IT'D DO YOU *GOOD* TO GET *AWAY* FROM EACH OTHER FOR A WHILE

YOU WON'T CATCH *ME* GOING THERE *I* DON'T WANT ANY OF THOSE *MEAT-PACKERS* NEAR ME.. NOT *NOW.* NOR WHEN I *DIE!*

ANDREW ROSE FROM THE TABLE, FUMING..

LET ME *TELL* YOU SOMETHING, MR EDWARDS! *NOBODY* IS GOING TO *CUT YOU UP LIKE* IT OR *NOT*, THEY'LL FILL YOU WITH *FORMALDEHYDE*, SLAP SOME *ROUGE* ON ON YOUR FACE, NAIL THE *LID* ON YOUR *COFFIN*, DROP YOU INTO THE *GROUND*, AND SEND *ELAINE* AND *ME* THE *BILL!*

JARVIS EDWARDS SHUDDERED AT ANDREW'S COLD-BLOODED MATTER-OF-FACTNESS, AND HE LOOKED PLEADINGLY AT HIS DAUGHTER.

YOU *YOU* WON'T LET THEM DO *THAT* TO ME, *WILL* YOU, ELAINE?

WHO'S GOING TO SHOW THEM THE *RIGHT WAY*, MR. EDWARDS? YOU'VE ALWAYS SAID *YOU'RE* THE ONLY ONE THAT *REALLY KNOWS NOW TO EMBALM...*

ELAINE BROKE IN ANGRILY..

*STOP IT! BOTH OF YOU! STOP..*

ELAINE, YOU'RE *RIGHT!* I'VE *GOT* TO GET AWAY, I'LL *GO* TO THAT UNDERTAKER'S CONVENTION!

AND SO, ANDREW TULLY WENT OFF TO JOIN HIS UNDERTAKERS AT THE CONVENTION IN CHICAGO. MEANWHILE, JARVIS EDWARDS BECAME MORE AND MORE MOODY. ONE NIGHT, HE AND ELAINE WERE SITTING QUIETLY IN THE LIVING ROOM. ELAINE WAS EMBROIDERING AND JARVIS WAS THUMBING ABSENTLY THROUGH A MAGAZINE. SUDDENLY

WHAT *IS* IT, FATHER? YOU'RE YOU'RE *CHUCKLING!*

*AM* I, DEAR? *PERHAPS!* YOU SEE, I'VE *JUST SOLVED MY PROBLEM!*

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, JARVIS BROUGHT MANY MORE MAGAZINES INTO THE HOUSE, BUNDLING THEM OFF TO THE PRIVACY OF HIS BEDROOM. THERE, FOR HOURS UPON HOURS, HE WOULD PORE OVER THEM READING NOTING PLANNING

FATHER, IT'S *LATE!* YOU SHOULD BE *ASLEEP!*

JUST A *FEW MORE MINUTES,* ELAINE. NOW, BE A *GOOD GIRL* AND *CLOSE THE DOOR* AND *LEAVE ME ALONE!*

THEN JARVIS BEGAN TO WRITE LETTERS AND ENCLOSE CHECKS IN THEM

WHAT ARE YOU *WRITING FOR,* FATHER?

*YOU'LL SEE! YOU'LL SEE!*

ANDREW TULLY CAME HOME FROM THE UNDERTAKER'S CONVENTION A WISER AND MORE EAGER MAN. HE'D LEARNED MANY TRADE SECRETS WHILE HE WAS THERE. SHORT CUTS TOWARD RUNNING A MORE PROFITABLE OPERATION. HE SPOKE GLOWINGLY OF HIS FELLOW MORTICIANS TO ELAINE...

A *GREAT BUNCH,* HONEY. I TELL YOU, THEY MADE ME *PROUD* TO BE A *MEMBER* OF THE *PROFESSION.* AND *SNAPP'S* BABY, WHAT I LEARNED IN *CHICAGO* IS GOING TO MAKE US *RICH!*

I'M *GLAD,* ANDY, BUT— WELL, *I'M WORRIED ABOUT FATHER!*

*OH?* STILL *GRIPING* ABOUT WHAT'S GOING TO *HAPPEN* TO HIM AFTER HE *DIES?*

HE'S BEEN *ORDERING* THINGS—THINGS IN *MAGAZINES.* I WOULDN'T HAVE *THOUGHT* ANYTHING *ABOUT* IT EXCEPT THAT HE'S BEEN SO *SECRETIVE...*

*ORDERING* THINGS? WHAT *KINDS* OF THINGS?

I *DON'T KNOW!* WHENEVER A *PACKAGE* ARRIVES, HE *TAKES* IT INTO THE LABORATORY *WITHOUT OPENING IT.* HE'S THERE *NOW.* HE'S *ALWAYS* THERE, *HAMMERING* AND *PUTTERING.* I HAVE TO CALL HIM *THREE* AND *FOUR TIMES* FOR *SUPPER!*

ANDREW FOUND HIS FATHER-IN-LAW WORKING ON A "CUSTOMER" IN THE LABORATORY. THE OLD MAN'S MOOD SEEMED LIGHT AND GAY IN CONTRAST TO THE GLOOM OF THE SURROUNDINGS. HIS QUICK, EFFICIENT LABORS ON THE SLUSH CORPSE UNDER THE OVERHEAD LIGHT WERE IN THE MANNER OF A SEASONED PERFORMER ON A STAGE. HE LOOKED UP WITH A QUICK SMILE AS HIS SON-IN-LAW ENTERED...

I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU *LOOKING* SO WELL, MR. EDWARDS!

*AH., ANDY,* M'BOY! YOU'RE BACK *JUST IN TIME TAKE OVER* ON THIS FELLOW, *WILL YOU?* I'VE GOT TO GO OUT AND MAIL A FEW *ORDERS*

*ORDERS?* WHAT *ORDERS?* WE'VE GOT ALL THE *SUPPLIES* WE NEED

NOW, NOW! THIS DOESN'T CONCERN YOU, MY BOY NOT YET

ANDREW REPORTED TO HIS WIFE

YOU'RE *RIGHT,* DEAR HE *IS* WORKING ON SOMETHING! I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT *IS* BUT I'M GOING TO *FIND OUT!*

PLEASE DON'T LET'S HAVE ANY MORE *ARGUMENTS,* ANDREW

THAT NIGHT AFTER SUPPER, JARVIS EXCUSED HIMSELF AND HURRIED TO THE LABORATORY SOON THE SOUNDS OF HAMMERING AND SAWING DRIFTED UPSTAIRS.

*I'M GOING DOWN* AND *SEE* WHAT HE'S *UP TO!*

ANDREW DESCENDED TO THE LABORATORY. THE DOOR WAS CLOSED. HE TRIED THE KNOB. HE SHOUTED ABOVE THE CLATTER WITHIN...

*MR EDWARDS! OPEN UP!*

*GO AWAY! GO* AWAY AND *LEAVE ME ALONE!*

DAY AFTER DAY, PACKAGES ARRIVED. NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, JARVIS WOULD LOCK HIMSELF IN THE LABORATORY. AND ANDREW'S CURIOSITY BREW.

THIS *CLOSET,* MR. EDWARDS— WHY IS IT *PADLOCKED?*

*YOU STAY OUT OF THAT CLOSET, ANDREW! MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS! JUST TEND TO YOUR BUTCHERING!*

AND WHEN THE LABORATORY HAD NO "CUSTOMERS," JARVIS WOULD LOCK HIMSELF IN ALL DAY...TINKERING... CLANKING...BUZZING...

*FATHER! PLEASE COME UP FOR DINNER!* OH, THIS IS GETTING TO BE *UNBEARABLE..*

*LET HIM PLAY AROUND* DOWN THERE! *I'M* NOT LETTING *MY* DINNER GET COLD!

ONE NIGHT, JUST BEFORE SUPPER, THE APARTMENT ABOVE THE MORTUARY WAS SUDDENLY FILLED WITH A HUMMING SOUND COMING FROM THE LAB. ELAINE STAMPED ANGRILY...

FATHER! COME UP! YOUR SUPPER'S GETTING COLD! HONESTLY, ANDREW...SOMETIMES I THINK FATHER IS IN HIS DOTAGE!

YOU'RE TELLING ME! LOOK AT THESE OBITUARY NOTICES JAMES CROCK FUNERAL HOME... SIX, SEVEN...NINE BODIES THEY HANDLED TODAY. THEY KNOW THE SCORE! WE DON'T HANDLE NINE A WEEK!

BODIES! CORPSES! CADAVERS! I'M SICK OF IT! SICK OF EVERYTHING! FATHER IF YOU DON'T COME UP THIS MINUTE, I'LL...

CHOKE ELAINE! LISTEN TO THIS! IT'S AN OBIT!

ANDREW'S FACE DRAINED WHITE. HIS HANDS SHOOK...

"MR. JARVIS EDWARDS REGRETFULLY ANNOUNCES HIS DEATH AT 6:30 P.M. THIS EVENING. SURVIVING IS HIS DAUGHTER, ELAINE TULLY. BURIAL WILL BE FROM THE JARVIS EDWARDS MORTUARY."

ELAINE SHOT A QUICK GLANCE AT THE KITCHEN CLOCK, SWAYED MOMENTARILY, THEN WHISPERED

FATHER! GASP!

IT...IT'S SOME SORT OF JOKE! IT...

DAILY NEWS

BANK RO...

THE HUMMING FROM THE LABORATORY DRONED ON AND ON. ELAINE GAVE A LITTLE WHIMPERING CRY AND DARTED DOWN THE STAIRS, ANDREW CLOSE AT HER HEELS. THEY FLUNG OPEN THE LAB DOOR AND STOPPED, FROZEN STATUE-LIKE IN GRANITE HORROR AT WHAT THEY SAW...

ELAINE! DON'T LOOK!

OH, LORD!

THE BLOODLESS CORPSE OF JARVIS EDWARDS LAY ON THE COLD MARBLE TABLE. AND OVER HIM, THE WEIRD MACHINE WITH THE METAL ARMS AND THE SPINNING SCALPEL AND THE CLUTCHING CLAWS AND THE HOSES AND JARS AND PUMPS AND NEEDLES HUMMED AND CLICKED AND FINISHED OFF THE EMBALMING JOB IT HAD STARTED AT 6:30 P.M. A JOB THAT JARVIS EDWARDS HIMSELF WOULD HAVE CONSIDERED "A WORK OF ART".

HEH, HEH! SO THE OLD BOY BUILT HIMSELF HIS OWN MORTICIAN, EH? WELL, THAT'S ONE WAY OF UNDERTAKING ONE'S OWN UNDERTAKING. WELL, THAT ABOUT EMBALMS ONE'S MAB FOR THIS ISSUE. WELL, I'LL SEE YOU ALL AGAIN IN MY MAG, TALES FROM THE CRYPT! TILL THEN, THIS IS YOUR CRYPT-KEEPER HOPING YOU'LL HAVE A NORRIBLE SHRIEK-END! 'BYE, NOW...

SENSATIONAL OFFER OF HARD-TO-GET STAMPS!

# ALL-DIFFERENT 319 STAMPS

GUARANTEED $6.73 CATALOG VALUE

SPECIAL IMPORTED COLLECTION INCLUDES THESE VALUABLE STAMPS & SETS:

Yours for only 25¢

**STALIN DEATH STAMP**—black-bordered portrait of the late ruler of the Soviet world. Issued by a satellite country deep behind the feared Iron Curtain.

**CROATIA GIANT TRIANGLES**—amazing set of 6 truly huge triangles — showing exotic flowers and birds in glowing full color! Issued by Croatian Government-in-Exile.

**LUNDY** — shows fascinating Puffin bird — issued by only private kingdom in the world!

**SOUTH POLE STAMPS**—unusual complete set of 4 seals authorized by Antarctic Research Association of Australia, for use on mail from South Pole Base.

**MONACO NUDES** — exciting set of 3 includes the nude Nymph Salmacis shown below. Issued in 1948 to honor famous sculptor, Bosio.

YOU ALSO GET hundreds of other fascinating and unusual stamps and sets from all over the world! A grand total of 319 all-different stamps—*guaranteed $6.73 Catalog Value*—all yours for only 25¢! What a bargain! Why, any one of the sets shown here alone is worth more than the 25¢ you pay for the entire collection! And just think of the hours upon hours of fun you'll have poring through this giant collection—filling hundreds of blank spaces in your album at the amazing bargain rate of 13 stamps for 1¢

**UNION OF SO. AFRICA** Here's the official portrait stamp of beloved Queen Elizabeth — issued in 1952 to commemorate her Coronation!

**SUPPLY LIMITED! FIRST COME—FIRST SERVED!**

We're making this sensational offer to introduce you to our famous Bargain Approvals—which we'll send you for *free examination*. But hurry! The supply of these bargain packets is necessarily limited—once the stamps shown here are gone, there just won't be any more! So mail coupon NOW! If coupon is clipped, send 25¢ direct to:

**ZENITH CO., Dept. JZ-1, 81 Willoughby St., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.**

**SAN MARINO** — from the world's smallest and oldest republic you get 3 multi-colored airmail triangles!

MAIL COUPON NOW

## FREE! MIDGET ENCYCLOPEDIA OF STAMPS

Our very own Midget Encyclopedia of Stamps (tells you everything you need to know to enjoy this wonderful hobby)—*plus* The Stamp Dictionary (definitions of every term used by collectors)—*plus* The Stamp Identifier (shows you how to identify thousands of foreign stamps)—ALL included FREE with Bargain Packet!

**ZENITH CO.** 81 Willoughby St., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

ZENITH CO., Dept. LB-1
81 Willoughby St., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

Here's my 25¢. Send me entire collection described in the ad—319 all different stamps—*plus* FREE "Midget Encyclopedia of Stamps." Include, for free examination, your latest Bargain Approvals.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

# CAR BURNING OIL?

## Engineer's Discovery Stops it Quick

## Without A Cent For Mechanical Repairs!

If your car is using too much oil—if it is sluggish hard to start, slow on pickup, lacks pep and power—you are paying good money for oil that's burning up in your engine instead of providing lubrication. Why? Because your engine is leaking. Friction has worn a gap between pistons and cylinder wall. Oil is pumping up into the combustion chamber, fouling your motor with carbon. Gas is exploding down through this gap going to waste.

### SAVE $50 TO $150 REPAIR BILL

Before you spend $50.00 to $150.00 for an engine overhaul, read how you can fix that leaky engine yourself in just a few minutes, without buying a single new part, without even taking your engine down. It's almost as easy as squeezing toothpaste or shaving cream out of a tube, thanks to the discovery of a new miracle substance called Power Seal. This revolutionary new compound combines the *lubricating* qualities of Moly, the "greasy" wonder metal, with the leak-sealing properties of Vermiculite, the mineral product whose particles *expand* under heat. (Up to 30 times original size.)

Just squeeze Power Seal out of the tube into your motor's cylinders through the spark plug openings. It will spread over pistons, piston rings and cylinder walls as your engine runs and it will PLATE every surface with a smooth, shiny, metallic film *that doesn't come off!* No amount of pressure can scrape it off. No amount of heat can break it down. It fills the cracks, scratches and scorings caused by engine wear. It closes the gap between worn piston rings and cylinders with an automatic, self-expanding seal that stops oil pumping, stops gas blow by and restores compression. No more piston slapping, no more engine knocks. You get more power, speed, mileage.

This genuine plating is self-lubricating, too, for Moly, the greasy metal lubricant, reduces friction as nothing else can! It is the only lubricant indestructible enough to be used in U. S. atomic energy plants and jet engines. It never drains down, never leaves your engine dry. Even after your car has been standing for weeks, even in coldest weather, you can start it in a flash because the lubrication is in the metal itself. That's why you'll need amazingly little oil. You'll get hundreds, even thousands of more miles per quart.

### TRY IT FREE!

You don't risk a penny. Prove to yourself that Power Seal will make your car run like new. Put it in your engine on 30 days' Free Trial. If you are not getting better performance out of your car than you thought possible—if you have not stopped oil burning and have not increased gas mileage—return the empty tube and get your money back in full.

Power-Seal is absolutely harmless. It cannot hurt the finest car in any way. It can only preserve and protect your motor.

**RUDSON AUTOMOTIVE INDUSTRIES**
**Dept. EC9** 400 MADISON AVE., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

### POWER SEAL MAKES WORN OUT TAXI ENGINE RUN LIKE NEW

Here are the Test Engineer's notarized figures showing the sensational increase in compression obtained in a 1950 De Soto taxi that had run for 93,087 miles. Just one POWER SEAL injection increased pep and power, reduced gas consumption, cut oil burning nearly 50%.

| | Cyl. 1 | Cyl. 2 | Cyl. 3 | Cyl. 4 | Cyl. 5 | Cyl. 6 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| BEFORE | 90 lbs. | 90 lbs. | 105 lbs. | 90 lbs. | 80 lbs. | 100 lbs. |
| AFTER | 115 lbs. | 115 lbs. | 117 lbs. | 115 lbs. | 115 lbs. | 115 lbs. |

### BEST INVESTMENT WE EVER MADE, SAYS DRIVER-OWNER

We simply inserted the POWER SEAL per instructions and made no other repairs or adjustments. Compression readings were taken before and after and showed a big improvement in both cars. As a result the engine gained a lot more pick up and power which was especially noticeable on hills. What impressed us most was the sharp reduction in oil consumption. In one cab we've actually been saving a quart a day and figure we have saved $11.70 in oil alone since the POWER SEAL was applied a month ago. In the other cab oil consumption was cut practically in half. We have also been getting better gas mileage. All in all, POWER SEAL turned out to be just about the best investment we ever made. It paid for itself in two weeks and has been saving money for us ever since, to say nothing of postponing the cost of major overhauls that would have run into real money. *Town Taxi, Douglaston, N. Y.*

### SEND NO MONEY!

Simply send the coupon and your Power Seal injection will be sent to you at once C.O.D. plus postage and handling charges. Or, to save the postage and handling charges simply enclose full payment with the coupon. For 6 cylinder cars order the Regular Size, only $4.95. For 8 cylinder cars order the Jumbo Size $7.95. Power-Seal is now available only by mail from us. Send the coupon at once.

**RUDSON AUTOMOTIVE INDUSTRIES, Dept. EC9**
**400 Madison Ave., New York City 17, N.Y.**

Please send me ____ tubes of the amazing new POWER SEAL.
☐ **Regular Size for 6 cyl. cars $4.95** ☐ **Jumbo Size for 8-cyl. cars $7.95**
On arrival I will pay the postman the price indicated above plus postage and delivery charges. I must see an immediate improvement in the gas and power of my car, less oil consumption, greater gas mileage, reduced engine noise, easier starting, faster pickup, within 30 days or you will refund my full purchase price.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ **Save More! Send cash, check or money order with coupon and we pay all postage charges. Same money back guarantee.**

**IN CANADA: 1184 CASTLEFIELD AVE., TORONTO 10, ONTARIO—ADD 55 CENTS.**

# I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME FOR GOOD PAY JOBS IN RADIO-TELEVISION

J. E. SMITH has trained more men for Radio-Television than any other man. OUR 40th YEAR

## America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You Good Pay—Bright Future—Security

Training plus opportunity is the PERFECT COMBINATION for job security, good pay, advancement. In good times, the trained man makes the BETTER PAY, GETS PROMOTED. When jobs are scarce, the trained man enjoys GREATER SECURITY. NRI training can help assure you more of the better things of life.

## I TRAINED THESE MEN

Started to repair sets six months after enrolling. Earned $12 to $15 a week in spare time. —Adam Kramlik, Jr., Sunnyetown, Pennsylvania.

"Up to our necks in Radio-Television work. Four other NRI men work here. Am happy with my work." —Glen Petersen, Bradford, Ont., Canada.

"Am doing Radio and Television Servicing full time. Now have my own shop. I owe my success to N.R.I." —Curtis Stath, Ft. Madison, Iowa.

"Am with WCOC. NRI course can't be beat. No trouble passing 1st class Radio-phone license exam." —Jesse W. Parker, Meridian, Mississippi.

"By graduation had paid for course, car, testing equipment. Can service toughest jobs." —E. J. Streitenberger, New Easton, Ohio.

AVAILABLE TO VETERANS UNDER G.I. BILLS

## Start Soon to Make $10, $15 a Week Extra Fixing Sets

Keep your job while training. I start sending you special booklets that show you how to fix sets the day you enroll. Multitester built with parts I send helps you make $10, $15 a week extra fixing sets while training. Many start their own Radio-Television business with spare time earnings.

## My Training Is Up-To-Date

You benefit by my 40 years' experience training men at home. Well illustrated lessons give you basic principles you need. Skillfully developed kits of parts I send (see below) "bring to life" things you learn from lessons.

## You Learn by Practicing with Parts I Send

Nothing takes the place of PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. That's why NRI training is based on LEARNING BY DOING. You use parts I furnish to build many circuits common to Radio and Television. As part of my Communications Course, you build many things, including low power transmitter shown at left. You put it "on the air," perform procedures required of broadcasting operators. With my Servicing Course you build modern Radio, etc. Use Multitester you build to make money fixing sets. Many students make $10, $15 week extra fixing neighbors' sets in spare time while training. Coupon below will bring book showing other equipment you build. It's all yours to keep.

**The Tested Way To Better Pay!**

**Television Making Good Jobs, Prosperity**—Even without Television, Radio is bigger than ever. 115 million home and auto Radios to be serviced. Over 3000 Radio broadcasting stations use operators, technicians, engineers. Government, Aviation, Police, Ship, Micro-wave Relay, Two-Way Radio Communications for buses, taxis, trucks, etc., are important and growing fields. Television is moving ahead fast.

About 200 Television stations are now on the air. Hundreds of others being built. Good TV jobs opening up for Technicians, Operators, etc.

25 million homes now have Television sets. Thousands more are being sold every week. Get a job or have your own business selling, installing, servicing.

## Radio-TV Needs Men of Action—Mail Coupon

Act now to get more of the good things of life. Actual lesson proves my training is practical, thorough. 64-page book shows good job opportunities for you in many fields. Take NRI training for as little as $5 a month. Many graduates make more than total cost of training in two weeks. Mail coupon now. J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute, Dept. 4MOI, Washington 9, D. C. OUR 40TH YEAR.

## Good for Both—FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 4MOI
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.
Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book, FREE.
(No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

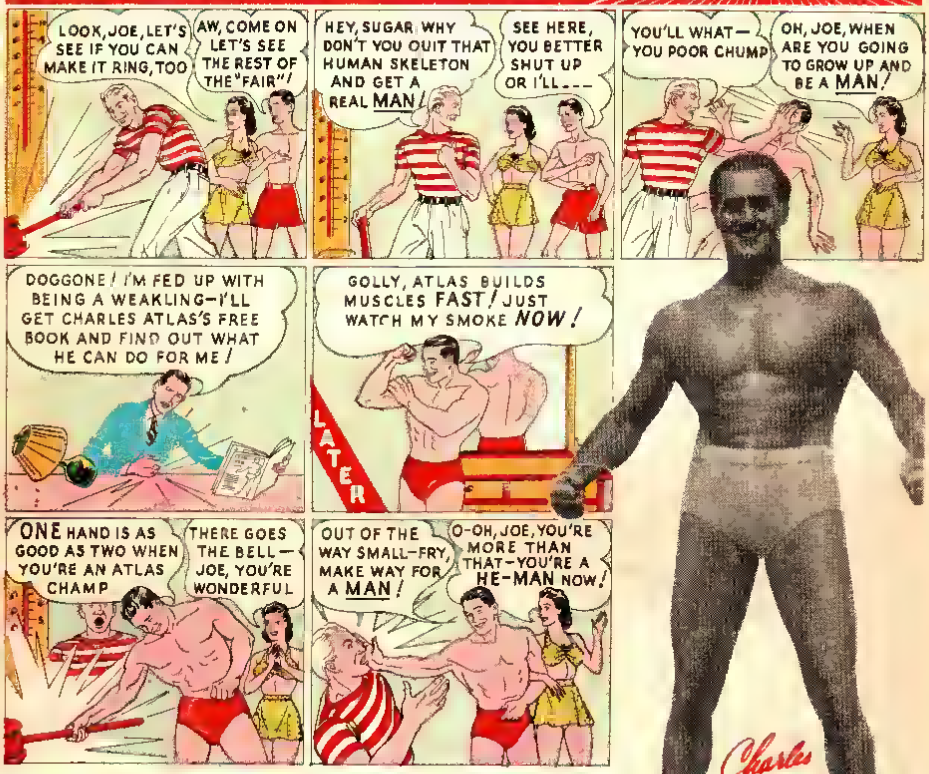
Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone ____ State _____

VETS write in date of discharge _____

# The Insult That Turned a "CHUMP" Into a CHAMP



—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

## I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

HAVE YOU ever felt like Joe—absolutely fed up with having bigger, huskier fellows "push you around"? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day. I'LL PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of... packed with red blooded vitality!

*Dynamic Tension*! That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a scrawny, 97-pound weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

### *"Dynamic Tension" Does It!*

Using *Dynamic Tension*, only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle... increase your chest size... broaden your back... fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

### *You Get Results FAST*

Almost before you realize it, you will notice a general "tuning up" of your entire system! You will have more pep, bright eyes, clear head, real spring and zip in your step! You get sledge-hammer fists, a battering ram punch—chest and back muscles so big they almost split your coat seams—ridges of solid stomach muscle—mighty legs that never get tired. You're a New Man!

**FREE... My 32-Page Illustrated Book**
**Not $1.00 or 10¢ — But FREE**

Send NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." 32 pages, packed with photographs, valuable advice. Shows what *Dynamic Tension* can do. answers vital questions. Book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it may change your whole life. Rush coupon to me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 164 J, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 164 J**
**115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.**

I want the proof that your system of *"Dynamic Tension"* will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name..... Age.....
(Please print plainly)

Address.....

City..... Zone No. (if any)..... State.....

☐ If under 16 years of age check here for Booklet A